TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

KINGS may come and kings may go, but the hive of breadwinners peopling this old earth pause not. The greatest ruler of the world may pass the Great Divide, but the railways carry their trains as usual, the steamships take on cargo and depart, the rolling mills and furnaces turn out their iron and steel, the crops grow and are marketed. The stock exchanges trade on, buying and selling, all with no thought of the dead monarch next door.

In these days, however, there has been created another sort of a monarch. The king whose illness causes stocks to tumble; an overlord whose pulse beats mark the ebb and the flow of the tide of wealth.

E. H. Harriman crosses the ocean from a European health resort, and bulletins via the wireless mark his every action. "He is worse to-day." The news is flashed to the shore, and the heart throbs of a great commerce,—a network of railways running into the hundreds of thousand of miles,— are now uncertain. Roosevelt, lately ruler of eighty odd millions of people, and for years the idol of his nation, may shoot game in Africa and be killed in the process. But what matters it? The report that Harriman was ten pounds short in weight, however, almost precipitated a panic in the great marts of the world.

It is thus we doff our hats to the uncrowned king, the king of high finance.

In all his life this king never occupied public office. He never sought publicity, but people jostle each other to read the bulletins concerning his health; while under the oceans and over the land are flashed an endless stream of messages pertaining to this man. The doings of King Edward, of the German Emperor and of President Taft are taken care of in the daily papers in a half dozen lines, but it takes columns to tell of Harriman.

This man Harriman is typical of the time in which he lives. A genius for organization, an opportunist, cold blooded, vigorous, a past master in the art of high finance. He is the stamp of man who a thousand years ago would either have conquered an empire or have been killed in the attempt.

Now, what has this man, this new found king, done for mankind? Nothing that anyone can discover. Beginning with the Union Pacific Railroad, for previous to that time the name of Harriman was comparatively unknown, he rolled it into one with the Southern Pacific. Then he grasped the Northern Pacific and the Illinois Central Railway, and so on down the line. With funds borrowed largely from trust companies Harriman acquired a controlling interest in one railway corporation. An injection of water, and a sale of the water to the ever-ready public followed naturally enough. This gave funds for another deal, and so like a huge snowball this railway king rolled into wealth and power.

Will this great Harriman organization outlive its master, or will it melt away when the brain of the master mind is at rest? This is the question which is troubling the financial world just at present.

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THE soft-footed sleuths who sneak about Toronto restaurants, and even hang around large apartment houses, like so many hungry wolves, in their endeavor to get evidence that this or that proprietor has sold some one a cigar, a "soft" drink or a plate of ice cream, will in the face of the recent decision of Colonel Denison, be obliged to look up new jobs. The fact that the Lord's Day Alliance is behind some of these recent prosecutions, has I notice, been carefully kept in the back ground. In the recent case against the Yonge street restauranter, who committed the deadly sin of selling a cigar on the Sabbath day, which case was dismissed by Colonel Denison on the ground that the man had as much right to sell a cigar as had the King Edward Hotel, the Morality Department had nothing to do with the prosecution. According to Inspector Stephen the chief witness volunteered his assistance. The gum shoe man stated in his evidence, that he ate a meal in the restaurant and upon his departure bought a cigar. Of course he was entirely disinterested; and so I presume are all the other sleuths who have made the habit of poking their noses into other people's business. Fine occupations for big, healthy men. The profession of dog catching or rat biting is prince-like in comparison. I presume, however, that the masters of these informers figure, Jesuit-like, that the end justifies the means. By all means save the souls of these poor, wayward citizens who will smoke cigars and sell cigars on the Sabbath day. Persecute them, for what matters the body so long as the soul is saved!

In any event Colonel Denison, at least, appears to have knocked the props from under this mode of procedure, for county magistrates in other sections of the Province are following the Colonel's lead and dropping proceedings against those who dare retail a cigar on the Sabbath Day.

There are some provisions of the Lord's Day act which meet with the approval of all fair-minded people, but the petty hounding of honest, well intentioned citizens, by a lot of men who should be, but are not ashamed of themselves and their occupations, destroys the intention, design and purpose of legitimate legislation against Sunday trading.

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THERE is at least one provision in Bill Taft's recent tariff reform, which by the way, failed to reform most things, that meets with general approval and this is the removal of the tax upon works of art coming into the United States. For years rich Americans have been accumulating abroad rare art treasures which they very rightly refused to ship to this side of the Atlantic in the face of an abnormally high duty. Now, however, this duty is to be removed and we may shortly expect to see in the galleries within striking distance of Toronto some of the best bits of art that past centuries have produced. James Pierpont Morgan has to-day in London an accumulation of paintings, tapestries and potteries worth in the aggregate an enormous fortune, and unquestionably these will in time be shipped to America. Other wealthy men and women have made very valuable collections of antique furniture, paintings and potteries which up to the present have been held in London, Rome, Naples, Vienna and other European centres awaiting the time when they also could be brought back to the home land without an almost prohibitory duty attached.

According to the new regulations nearly all works of art over 20 years of age will come in duty free. There are, however, exceptions to this rule, for tapestries, hangings, glass windows, church altars, chandeliers, ornamental clocks and the like must be proven to be at least a hundred years old in order to escape duty.

Here in Canada the tariff makers have fortunately kept their hands off the works of art and as a consequence good pictures and other art treasures are by no means rare among those who can afford such luxuries. According to her wealth and population, Canada has to-day a far larger proportion of good pictures than has the United States. There is scarcely a man in Canada of even moderate means and a taste for art, who has not some treasure from the old world, which under high tariff he would not in all probability own, nor could he afford to own it under such circumstances.

A tariff which prevents the natural distribution of paintings and other beautiful things of this world is about as stupid legislation as a tariff-crazy nation could well invent, and it is a monument to the stupidity of a nation's law makers that for so many years it was able to hold its own in the United States.

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AS prescribed by the Payne tariff law pulp and print paper from the Province of Ontario and Quebec will be subjected to extra duties for the reason that the people of these two Provinces have at last awakened to the fact that it is better to manufacture their own raw materials than it is to send their pulp wood in its raw state to the American Republic. The two Provinces named impose a stumpage tax on pulpwood exported from Crown Lands, and now the United States says: "By gosh, if you are going to do that we will put a tax on your pulp and print paper and get even."

From Ottawa comes the news that J. R. Booth, the millionaire lumberman and paper manufacturer, favors the absolute prohibition of pulp wood and pulp to the United States, provided that country continues its policy of attempted coercion. Mr. Booth also informs us that about forty per cent. of his paper output goes to the United States, and that if the Government decides upon the campaign of retaliation which he himself proposes, then a market in other countries than the United States must be found for this forty per cent. of manufactured product.

A campaign of retaliation is about the only method open to Canada under the circumstances, and by the same token it is the only one which will win the contest for Canada in the long run. The United States has reached a point where she must have either Canadian pulp or Canadian paper. Absolute prohibition of the export of both pulp and pulp wood into the United States would naturally mean serious loss to Canadian lumbermen and pulp manufacturers for the time being, but at the same time it is without question the only argument which will appeal to Washington's tariff-crazy crew.

Long ago adverse legislation by the United States forced Canada to look for other markets for her products of those days, and she succeeded even beyond her wildest imaginings. It's time she made another start in the same direction.

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ON Thursday of this week was celebrated by Single Tax Associations, throughout the world, the birthday of Henry George. The first disciple of the single tax was born in 1839 and died in 1897, and it is a pity that he did not live to a ripe old age, for then he could have seen his work, like the soul of John Brown, go marching on. In England they call it the Taxation of Land Values, and the Lords shiver at the thought, and well may they. To-day in England land values are practically not taxed at all. Unused land is entirely exempted, and the only tax at present collected is the tax on the rental received from the land. It's time that the land baron paid his share.

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CANADA is coming into its own. The process has been slow, but it has nevertheless been sure. A half dozen years ago or even less, some of the alleged wiseheads of the port of Montreal declared that the elevators upon the waterside, built by the Harbor Commission and the Grand Trunk Railway, were worse than useless, that they were a waste of money, and that the port would never see sufficient grain to keep them occupied. Now comes the glad tidings that already these elevators are overworked; that the port of Montreal is putting through ten times as much grain as it did a few years ago, and that more money, probably many millions in the aggregate, will be necessary before the port is properly equipped to take care of this ever-increasing trade.

From across the line, from New York comes the corresponding howl that fifteen of its big elevators are practically idle, and the Produce Exchange of that city states that the grain which formerly went oceanward from their port has been diverted to the port of Montreal. These gentlemen are inclined to blame the railways for discriminating against them, and propose to appeal to the Interstate Commerce Commission. This, however, will have little effect. The trade and commerce of the Continent is bound to follow the lines of least resistance, and just so long as Canada maintains and increases the facilities of her inland waterways, coupled as they are at Montreal with the ocean route, just so long will her supremacy last.

The State of New York is going to expend $110,000,000 in deepening its inland waterways to 12 feet, while ours at the present time have a minimum of 14 feet. This is a magnificent start, and Canada must see to it that the lead is maintained. The continued deepening of the channel of the St. Lawrence combined with the expenditure of millions for terminal facilities at Montreal and possibly other ports on the St. Lawrence, is not a local or even a Provincial matter, but one of national importance, and should be dealt with upon the wide basis of national benefit.

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SOME days ago despatches from British Columbia carried the news that Earl Grey and party who are now in the western wilds, had killed deer and mountain goats. Eastern sportsmen who are familiar with the game laws of the land marvelled at the information, and finally concluded, no doubt, that there was a mistake somewhere; for surely the King's representative in Canada would be the last man to break its laws.

Another despatch, carried by the Toronto papers of Wednesday, gives the information that the members of the Victoria Gun Club have been informed that Earl Grey and Lord Lascelles shot a mountain goat and two deer, and are now investigating the case with the idea of asking the Attorney-General to prosecute the Governor-General and his aide-de-camp, if the charges made are correct. It seems hardly credible that a man of Earl Grey's well known hard sense would imagine for a moment that the game laws of the Province of British Columbia were made to be broken by even the King's representative. In the interests of all, a full investigation should be made.

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ON grounds of economy President Taft has ordered the United States army reduced by eight thousand men. Soldiers cost, roughly speaking $1,000 each per annum, so that this Government will save thereby $8,000,000 per annum. Of course there is consternation among the General Staff, whose business it is to have as many soldiers as possible, and make work for them if necessary. These gentlemen would like to bring the fighting standard of the United States army up to 100,000 men, whereas the Chief Executive requires that this force shall be cut to a maximum of 80,000 men all told. Included in this force are 4,000 men of the hospital corps and 5,300 men who go to fill the ranks of the Philippine scouts, and as these cannot well be withdrawn from those Philippine Islands, the really effective force for home or foreign service is about 70,000 men.

The significant fact is that President Taft was in years past closely associated with the army. As Secretary of War he unquestionably obtained a better insight into its workings and requirements than most men, and now he sees fit to reduce that body by nine per cent. President Roosevelt was once assistant secretary of the navy, and even after he became President the jackie and his ship were his first thoughts. President Taft, however, does not apparently harbor any such sentiments, and it would not be at all surprising if Big Bill Taft next gave his attention to the navy.

In the interval we are getting ready to build or buy or borrow our navy. It does not appear certain which we will do first, but in any event we will look out for jobs for the boys; and if there is going to be any building we will see to it that the necessary land for navy yards pass through a half dozen hands and get to the Government eventually at top figure. It might even be suggested that the Montreal Aldermen have a hand in the contracts. Then there is friend Brunet, the loyal Montreal middle man, who waded into contracts in order that the French Canadians might not be discriminated against. He would be just the man to ably second the genial Minister of Marine.

Our navy may not amount to much in strength and utility, but when we come to pay for it,—well, then it will be great.

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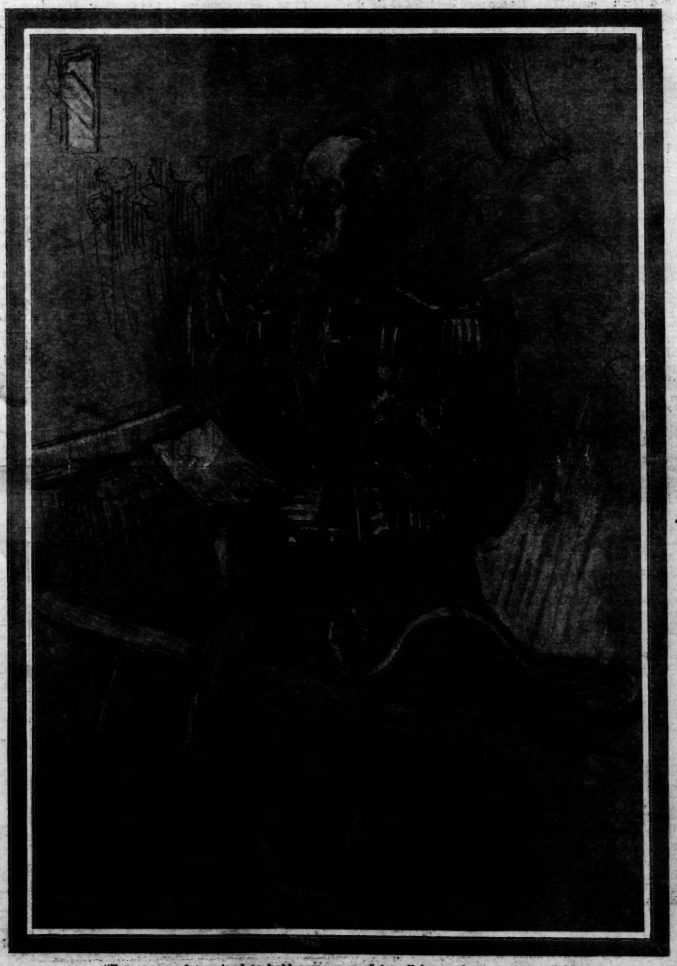
RELIGIOUS teachings, and particularly what now might be termed the older theologies, inculcated into the human race a fear of death. In verse and prose; in books of a religious or semi-religious character, we have read of cringing mortals facing the black abyss. We have been told time on end of the death agonies of the "lost." Naturally enough the average healthy person has no particular longing for death. At best it is leaving a certain existence, more or less comfortable and pleasant, for an uncertainty of which no man can speak authoritatively. At the same time I take it that a man owes a duty to his neighbors; and to spread the glad news that death is not so terrible, and that after all the vivid fear of the grim reaper is an artificial frame of mind; is a far better work than endeavoring to scare a congregation out of "hell."

In an address some years ago, Dr. William Osler lately of Toronto and now of Oxford, stated that he had investigated the deaths of upward of six hundred people, and in all that number there was scarcely an individual case of what might be called a death bed scene. I have now before me the experiences of another physician who



"But we are determined to hold our own and let all know that our unassailable supremacy at sea shall be kept."

ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD SPEAKS OF THE NAVY IN OPENING THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

has made a like investigation, and his experiences agree with those of Dr. Osler.

"Only those adult human beings whose environment has not been normal seem to have the fear of death," says Dr. E. L. Keyes. "To man, as man, the fear of death is really an unnatural thing, like eating glass or standing on the head. It is a peculiarity, and one not easily acquired. In fact, it tends to lapse, to be obliterated. Insects, for instance, and animals do not seem to possess the fear of death." "Nevertheless," observes Doctor Keyes, "those human beings who shrink from the idea of death are often very intelligent. Are we to infer that dread of physical dissolution is evidence of intellectual superiority? If so, Socrates was unintelligent. Or is the fear of death evidence of some high mental endowment not as yet ascertained by the new psychology?

"We must bear in mind, to begin with, that the fear of death is physical. The fear of death is not even in its essence moral. Nor is it intellectual. It has nothing directly to do with one's solicitude as to the future condition of the departed or with pity as to the distress his demise may have occasioned to others left behind. The fear of death is and always has been very easily dominated by strong emotions. Military valor, religious zeal, the exalted tension of pride or duty or affection, easily lead men of the soundest disposition wholly to disregard death and everything pertaining to it; while the innumerable motives—jealousy, pique, anger, disappointment, sorrow, sickness, distress of any sort, pecuniary loss, disgrace and a thousand others that lead to suicide—indicate into what contempt the act of dying may be thrown by other even trivial emotions.

"It may be that a man's intensified physical horror of death, when it exists, is the inherited product of centuries of religious teaching and that in its roots it has essentially a moral basis. Yet it is as natural to die as to live—and as easy. Practically all the distress witnessed as taking place in the act of dying is the automatic tissue struggle against dissolution, and is not recognized by the individual who seems to be acutely suffering. Occasionally, in the delirium of fever, in uremia and other intoxications, in certain of the brain degenerations witnessed in old age, there is an exhilaration or a happy, peaceful calm that pervades the whole scene. Nature, however, is not often so lavish of her kindness. Usually everything is dulled, blunted, so that at the border line between life and death it is often difficult, even impossible for a certain time, to say whether the soul has fled or not. It was long debated in medical circles, we are told by Doctor Keyes, whether or not there was a reliable test for death. Indeed, says this authority, the tissue always survives the departure of the vital spark for a longer or shorter time. A muscle will contract to the electric current for a considerable time after the eye is dull, the intellect a closed book, the soul on its way. The hair, as we all know, grows after death."

However, of all the deaths witnessed by Doctor Keyes—and he has seen many scores in hospital and out—he met with not a single case of conscious terror and protest. Then there are deaths which from the physical standpoint are simply delightful.

"Patients who are seriously ill do not, as a rule," Doctor Keyes says, "ask whether they may expect to die or not. In light illnesses they do so ask, tempestuously, sometimes hysterically, but not when the real crisis is imminent. Then they do not in words approach the real issue. There are exceptions in this as to all rules. In sickness, none the less, it is the common rule for whatever dread or terror or horror of death there may be to expend itself during the earlier stages of the malady. When the real termination is at hand, the sensibilities and the senses are so dulled by the processes of nature that one sinks to rest as if going to sleep. In cases of death even fearful to behold, the dying man has not the slightest knowledge of his seizure or convulsion.

"Indeed, in any malady, as a rule, the pain has usually terminated some time before death, which comes as a relief. There is no such thing as painful death, because the sensations of death are not physically painful. We suffer the agony of peritonitis, but that agony does not kill. We writhe in the torture of renal colic, but it is the possible kidney suppression that interests the surgeon. The popularization of knowledge respecting the course, nature and symptoms of disease is responsible for current misconceptions on this head. The subject of death and the subject of disease are confused in the general mind. One is not necessarily associated with the other. One may fear a disease. There is nothing scientific or even natural in the fear of death, however much one may fear cancer or tuberculosis. The child does not fear death until his elders implant the fear. The savage seems in some cases to welcome death. The fear of death, then, is an acquired peculiarity.

"It is for this reason," concludes Dr. Keyes, "that the contempt for death manifested among the ancient Romans is not to be deemed an evidence of their superiority in courage. They did not understand death as Christians understand it, with its attendant penalties of hell and damnation."

* * *

SOME bright mind with mathematics its special bent, has been reckoning up John D. Rockefeller's riches. Contemplating the wad of such a man as John D. is interesting even from afar. For instance, it is known that the aforesaid money grubber owns about one quarter of the capital stock of the Standard Oil Company. This would mean a capital of $25,000,000 for John D. if the stock was selling at par, or $100 per share. It is, however, selling at upward of $700, as compared with $390 per share during the depressed period of 1907. Reckoning the present selling price of Standard Oil stock with what it sold for two years ago and one will readily see that John D. Rockefeller is richer by $79,000,000 (never mind the extra hundreds of thousands) than he was two years ago. Add to this sum another $20,000,000 which is about his share of the annual dividends of the Standard for the past two years, and we have $99,000,000. Not bad profits for an old man to accumulate in twenty-four months. There is, however, one consolation. He can't take it with him.

* * *

WHAT will we be asked to believe next? All our preconceived notions of matters and things are one by one being knocked into a cocked hat. The old William Tell of our childhood is a tradition only and is placed on the back shelf. Isaac Newton, the latter day scientists tell us, was only half right, and now along comes a noted London surgeon with the news that square jaws don't mean anything beyond a good full use of the teeth in childhood. In other words the determined mind, which is presumed to go with the square jaw, is not a capricious gift of nature but simply the result of proper feeding. This surgeon, whose name by the way is Newton also, Dr. Carl Newton, says:—

"If you wish your children to grow up men and women of determined jaw and strong character, teach them to use their teeth on tough, solid food, and to avoid slops."

Steady mastication permits the teeth to develop the jaw. When you have the jaw, the rest follows. It must be understood that the teeth must be looked to in more or less early youth if they are to bring about anything in the nature of a square jaw and all the strength of mind it implies.

In support of Dr. Newton's theory it has been remarked that ill fed boys who are taken off the London streets and sent to a training ship to prepare them for the navy usually emerge with a well developed jaw, a change that may very well have been brought about by the hard beef that constitutes the chief item of their bill of fare aboard.

* * *

A LOT of people who should know better are declaiming in favor of a franchise for the colored folk of South Africa. The color question is one which those people of the newly formed South African Confederation can well take care of themselves, without the aid of a lot of so-called philanthropists who, from their easy chairs at home, thousands of miles away from the base of operations, declaim in favor of a colored franchise. At the moment a million of white inhabitants people that vast country between the Zambesi and Cape Town. Around them swarm ten millions of blacks, savage and half savage tribes, who altogether fail to understand the white man's ways or the white man's ambitions. If the civilization of the European is to prevail in that great country, then the white man must rule it for all time to come. One negro problem, largely brought about by a colored franchise, is sufficient for this world and the South African if he is wise, will take some lessons in nation building by avoiding the difficulties which the United States now faces.

THE COLONEL.

In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition

"My First Sermon."

"My Second Sermon."
By Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.

A Spiritualist's Reply.

To the Editor of Toronto Saturday Night: As I read your paper each week, and I believe it to be one of the best in Toronto, kindly allow me as one of the many Spiritualists in Toronto to reply to the article in your paper dated August 21, 1909, headed "Where Ghosts Give Sermons," and signed "P. D." One who does not understand psychology and has not a knowledge of psychic phenomena, should give it a thorough investigation before writing an article on Spiritualism. Spiritualism is a religion recognized by millions all over the world to-day. I myself was present at the meeting on George street, and did not see any humorous side to the service. The man called Doctor is a true, honest minister of the Spiritualist Church, and recognized by all the Psychic Research Societies throughout the world as an honest psychic to the spiritual influences. The Toronto Psychic Research Society, of which Dr. King is the president, has among its officers and members some of our best citizens. The Doctor passed examination under strict test conditions and was pronounced by the above Society Committee to be an honest psychic for spiritual intelligences. The following scientists have investigated and believe in psychic phenomena: Dr. Hudson, author of the Law of Psychic Phenomena; Alfred Russell Wallace, of England; Sir Oliver Lodge; Sir William Crookes, inventor of the X-ray; Professor Richet, of Paris University; Professor James, of Harvard; Professor Sidgwick, of Cambridge; Flammarion, the astronomer; Wm. Stead, editor of the English Review of Reviews; Professor Hyslop, of Columbia College; Lombroso, the great criminologist; Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy; Edison, the electric wizard, and many others too numerous to mention, but enough to show Spiritualists are not the silly people "P. D." would try to make them out. Hoping you will insert my article in your next issue, and thanking you for same, I am, yours respectfully,

J. MURTHA.

In return for Mr. Murtha's kind words about SATURDAY NIGHT, I would point out to him that he is under a misapprehension with regard to the article entitled "Where Ghosts Give Sermons." This article was in no sense a write-up of Spiritualism, which, in spite of the humbugging and tomfoolery to which it often gives rise, is altogether too big a subject to be treated in that free-and-easy fashion. The article in question was nothing more than an account of what the writer saw and heard at a so-called spiritualist meeting on George street. If it was rather irreverent in tone, it was because the writer saw nothing in the proceedings to justify any other point of view. On the contrary he saw much to make him regard it all as a particularly luscious piece of buncum. Mr. Murtha says he was present and saw nothing humorous in the service. Mr. Murtha must have a tremendously deep spiritual insight, or Mr. Murtha is suffering from atrophy of the humorous nerve-centres.

P. D.

THE VISIT OF ADMIRAL CHARLES BERESFORD.
Photo of "Condor Charlie" in his working clothes.

Not one of the great office buildings recently erected in New York has failed to return at least 4 per cent. net on the investment within two years after all the space was available for tenantry. Every one of these buildings represents national industry. The structural steel and iron comes from the steel manufacturing plants of Pennsylvania, and the ore from which the finished iron or steel product is made was in large measure dug out of the mines of northern Minnesota. The concrete comes from Pennsylvania, much of the cement from Maine, the building stone from various parts, some from Ohio, some from the Upper Hudson, some from the granite quarries of easter Massachusetts, Maine, and southwestern Rhode Island, while the far West and South are represented in the timber and lumber used in this construction.

A Paris newspaper prints the following story of Menelik, King of Abyssinia, pleading that it is as credible as most news that reaches us of the Ethiopian monarch: "It is said that lions walk about the palace and injure no one, and are docile at the least sign from their master. A Russian visitor demanded of Menelik how it was that his gentle pets respected such and such a visitor. "They have scent," replied the Emperor. "They know the smell of an Ambassador. They know they must not cause trouble between me and the foreign Powers. They are diplomatic lions." The Queen added: "They once devoured before me an Italian Consul. It was afterward found that he had not his letters of credence. He was not in order, and I excused the lions."

In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition: "A Burial at Sea," by Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A.

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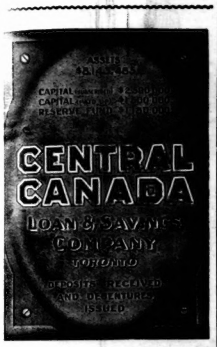

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THE INVESTOR

TORONTO **MONTREAL**

MONTREAL, Sept. 2, 1909.

"DO you think we'll get that $200?" is one of the questions the employees of the shipping and factory departments of the coffee and tea house of Chase and Sanborn Company, in Montreal, greet each other with, these days. To those of us who are grown up, $200 may seem of small enough importance, although it is noticeable, too, that some of the grown-ups execute some violent enough contortions in order to acquire and maintain possession of the despised sum. Therefore, it need cause no surprise if the employees referred to—particularly the juniors—should carry the question to bed with them, each night, there to dream of the financial power that will be theirs should the courts decide that Caleb Chase meant them to be thus suddenly elevated to a position of affluence.

∴

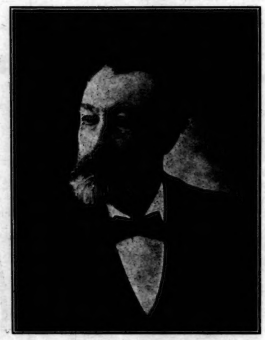
Chase was a Prince.

"A prince among men," Caleb Chase has been called, and those who knew him well give their assent. If proof were lacking, one has but to turn to the will left at his death, last November. The document was certainly a somewhat unusual one and, in some respects, reminds one of the sort of will sometimes described in fiction. In one respect it differs, this being in the fact that, whereas in the story books there is always a villain whose role is to deprive beneficiaries of their rights, in the case in point the role has been entirely omitted. On the contrary, so anxious are the executors and heirs to interpret and carry out not only the letter but the spirit of the will, that application has been made to the courts to render judgment on a certain point, it being the hope that the executors will thus be enabled to give $200 to each of the employees of the shipping and factory departments of the Montreal and Chicago houses, notwithstanding that the will neglected to specify such bequest.

∴

Remembered Employees.

—A somewhat exceptional thing about the will of the deceased, was that bequests, in a large number of instances, were to quarters from which the donor could expect neither prominence nor a brass band nor prayers after death, while, as to memorial halls or windows or monuments, they were not for a moment to be thought of. He died a millionaire, yet did not feel called upon to confine his bequests to other millionaires or to millionaire institutions, but remembered in particular, the employees of Chase and Sanborn of which firm he had for so long been the head.



The late Caleb Chase, who divided up a portion of his fortune among his employes.

To the travelling salesmen, he seemed to be most kind—possibly because he had been a travelling salesman himself. He distributed no less than $55,000 among them, giving $1,000 to each.

He remembered the widows of the deceased salesmen of long service, and comforted their hearts by the distribution of $20,000 among them.

To certain members of the organization who had been connected with the firm for many years, he left $2,000 each.

To each employee of the sales and office department, he left $500.

To each employee of the shipping department and factory, he left $200.

∴

Thought of Them All.

Even though you are not an employee of Chase and Sanborn, and hence are not getting anything out of it yourself, don't you think that Caleb Chase was "all right?" How many such bequests are heard of in real life? Some men get so far as to remember their *head* employees—but this man remembered *all* his employees. Probably they didn't all deserve it; but, for that matter, how often do a man's *relatives* deserve it? Caleb Chase seemed to be of the opinion that his employees did something towards making him rich, and if his bequest did nothing else it showed that he took an unusually deep interest in the lives of those who, to a considerable extent, sailed in the same boat with him. Everything considered, it makes one feel very kindly towards Caleb Chase,—rest his soul. It was rather unfortunate for the Montreal and Chicago factory and shipping room employees of the firm that, the portion of the will relating to factory and shipping room employees, only specified Boston employees. But the executors and others who knew him well, and who are interested in the division of his property, are confident that this was a mere slip of the pen, and that not alone the spirit of the man but the letter of the will shows that it was not his wish to make distinctions. Consequently, they have applied to the courts, hoping to obtain a judgment which would justify them in making the factory employees of the Montreal and Chicago houses richer to the extent of $200 each. In this endeavor, the interested employees naturally wish them every success.

∴

Got Governor's Robes.

When Caleb Chase was up visiting Montreal, some twenty-odd years ago, he went around looking for a pair of buffalo robes. Buffalo were plentiful up to about that time, and he had no great difficulty in locating, in a fur establishment, near the Montreal office, the pair he desired. The robes were magnificent, being among the finest of their kind. They were splendidly made and so striking as to occasion comment. In the course of negotiations, it transpired that they had been specially made for the Governor General of Canada. Something transpired which prevented delivery of the robes, so they fell into the hands of Caleb Chase, who took them back to Boston with him. He paid about $200 for the pair, a fairly steep price even at that day. Doubtless, were the late James Coristine alive, he would clearly recollect the transaction. A few years ago, one of the Montreal firm of Chase and Sanborn visited Boston and found Mr. Chase still driving a sleigh with the Governor General's buffalo robes as good as ever and vastly more valuable.

∴

Reached Good Old Age.

The father of Caleb Chase was Job Chase, and Caleb was born at Harwich, U.S., 1831, so that he was 78 at the time of his death. At twenty-four he went to Boston, in which city his home was, until his death. He identified himself in different capacities with different firms, eventually emerging as the head of the house of Chase and Sanborn. Sanborn looked after the tea end of the firm and Chase sold coffee, it being said that he was one of the best coffee salesmen on the road in his day. With the advance of years he took less active interest in the business, spending more time in his magnificent home where he transacted much financial business. He visited the office once a day, however, and always kept himself well informed of the progress of the firm. One of his greatest pleasures, of late years, was to encourage the youths of the establishment and to see them grow up and take their places as men in his business. It is likely that few employers are missed as much by their employees as is Caleb Chase. T.C.A.

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TORONTO, Sept. 2, 1909.

AS was anticipated a slightly firmer market for call loans on stock collateral has materialized. The minimum rate in Toronto has advanced to 4½ per cent. The continued improvement in general trade and the nearness to the period when large sums are required for crop moving purposes are the reasons assigned for the better rates for money. The activity of the money market is expected to be even more acute in October, and by that time a 5 per cent. rate would not be surprising. However, there is no apprehension of stringency, as the large reserves of the banks and the restoration of confidence in business are too potent to expect any liquidation in the loans outstanding. The commerce of the country seems to be on a solid basis. Not infrequently the statement is heard that the volume of business this autumn will be in excess of that of two years ago. The large additions made in recent months to the "time" deposits in our banks is significant. It is in this item the Canadian banks look to for their increasing power. On July 31st the time deposits of these banks aggregated $466,337,816, a new high record. This is an increase of $64,000,000 as compared with a year ago, and $41,000,000 in excess of the high mark reached before the panic. The deposits in the Government Savings banks on the other hand, in spite of the fact that the interest rate is the same (3 per cent.) are diminishing. The sum held by the Post Office and Government Savings Banks is only $58,178,000, which is a decrease of about $1,500,000 for the year. The loan companies and the trust companies have between them about $40,000,000 of deposits. Two special savings banks in the Province of Quebec, privately owned, have $30,000,000. The total amount of money bearing interest in chartered banks and other deposit institutions is therefore in the neighborhood of $575,000,000. In addition to the $466,000,000 time deposit in chartered banks, there were $222,500,000 demand deposits on July 31 last. Also our banks having branches outside Canada held deposits at that time amounting to $64,500,000, which was $10,000,000 less than the same class of deposits held a year ago.

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Securities are Quiet.

Speculation in securities has been rather quiet the past week, and as a rule prices were firm. The September interest and dividend payments will induce some buying of high-class issues, but marginal transactions are not likely to show much activity during the month. The floating supply of stocks is comparatively small, and owing to favorable conditions, the trend of values is likely to be upwards. The enquiry for bonds has not been very active of late, but a number of municipal debentures bearing a high rate of interest have gone off quickly. The London market for Canadians continues to be very strong.

∴

Speculation.

The recent wide fluctuations in a number of Wall street stocks has entailed many losses to the small margin operator. The month of August was not such a profitable one to the bull trader as is generally the case. There was, it is true, a wild bull movement during the first two weeks of the month, but the Harriman collapse has since played havoc with many operators both here and elsewhere. Complaints have been made of the injury done to the community by speculation upon margin. This system is the foundation of a large part of the great speculative structure, and undoubtedly increases enormously the volume of speculative transactions. The so-called lambs and suckers who operate on Wall street, generally do so upon small margins, which are insufficient to withstand even the natural fluctuations of the markets. The result is that they lose their all, and thereafter bitterly assert that some definite large interests caused the fluctuations with intent to ruin them. In most cases their losses are due solely to the fluctuations which occur in every market, against which a small margin, unless backed by ample capital, is a wholly insufficient protection. The probability is that if these specu-

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Capital Paid Up - - - - - - - - - -	$3,000,000
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No delay in withdrawal

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"I am in receipt of yours enclosing dividend certificate. I need hardly say that the returns from my investment with you have proved highly satisfactory, and I shall be glad to recommend your Company to any of my friends who may desire insurance."

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Special Attention Given to Collections.

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Interest allowed on deposits at all Branches of the Bank throughout the Dominion of Canada.

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The most exquisite dry champagne imported.

SELECTED BRUT
A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

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Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by
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His Majesty The German Emperor.
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
His Majesty The King of Italy.
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His Majesty The King of Spain.

"The quality goes in before the name goes on."

BREDIN'S "BEST"

The charm of Bredin's bread is its purity and sweetness.

It is carefully prepared, made from only the finest wheat flour, and the best bakers obtainable do the work.

The most fastidious appetite responds to the delicate flavor and wholesome quality of Bredin's Home-made bread.

5 cents the loaf.

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lators paid in full for whatever they bought, their losses would be extremely small, as compared with their losses under the present system, and in many cases, as they are apt to be purchasers rather than sellers, there would be in the long run no loss at all, but a profit.

⁂

Keene's View.

In a recent interview with Mr. James R. Keene, one of the most prominent market manipulators for more than a generation, he is reported to have said:—"Some people think they can stop speculation. Old Mrs. Partington believed in her ability to sweep back the Atlantic. She tried—it might even be said that she worked heroically. But she didn't succeed. The Atlantic beat Mrs. Partington. The spirit of speculation is born with the man. Providence has impressed in his brain and heart the betting instinct. It is the one greatest of all the gifts with which we are endowed. It is responsible for civilization's progress in every country of the world. Without it in our own land, population and wealth would represent but a third of what they do to-day; science and invention would be back one hundred years, and the immeasurable aid our country has given, through its wonderful development, to the teeming and half-fed populations of the older countries would still be in the womb of the future. I mean to say, that without speculation—call it gambling if you wish—initiative and enterprise would cease, business decay, values decline, and the country would go back twenty years in less than one. Take, for instance, the whole field of insurance—fire, marine and life. They seemingly present to the casual view the greatest of all hazards, yet this most beneficient speculation, which engages the capital of corporations and individuals, has been so thoroughly demonstrated that except in years of pestilence, earthquakes and wars, it is probably as safe an investment as can be found. It is the fashion now. I know, and ever since I can remember, to inveigh against Wall street and its speculations. Yet Wall street is the brains and heart of the country, and, with its wondrous speculative activities, is the greatest force behind our national growth and expansion.

⁂

Large Savings Account.

A British Parliamentary return, recently issued gives some interesting details regarding the extent of the business transacted by the Post Office Savings Bank in the motherland, which in recent discussions on the subject of gold reserves has been very much in the limelight. The amount received from depositors during the year 1908 was £44,770,800 or £624,600 less than the amount withdrawn. These figures, on the surface, do not appear to show very satisfactory progress in the matter of thrift, but before any generalizations regarding the habits of depositors can be arrived at, allowance must be made for the fact that the bank is not merely used by the "working classes," but largely also by the "middle classes," the latter finding it a convenient receptacle for regular savings until a round sum has been reached, when the money is transferred elsewhere. The total due to depositors at the end of 1908 was £160,648,200. Against the liability stocks are held to the amount of 102 millions, bills and bonds of nearly 6 millions and annuities of 52 millions. The cash held is only £355,500, a small amount which appears infinitesimal when compared with the liabilities; and a slender basis, on which no ordinary bank could afford to work. The Savings Bank, by the way, holds over 60 millions of consols.

A Queer Legend.

THERE is a legend that whenever a king belonging to the house of Savoy dies a huge eagle is to be seen crossing the Alps over the valley of Aosta in the direction of Savoy, and the conviction prevailed among the inhabitants of Aosta that this eagle guides the soul of the dead sovereign to join those of his ancestors in Savoy. When King Charles Albert died at Lisbon and King Victor Emmanuel died at Rome the flight of the royal eagle over Aosta toward France was witnessed.

The legend in recent years had been doubted even by the inhabitants of Aosta itself, the more so as when King Humbert was assassinated at Monza in 1900 there was no record of the eagle's having been seen. Recently the legend was alluded to in a newspaper as a relic of the past.

The newspaper happened to fall into the hands of a certain Capt. Basletta, who now writes a long letter to The Fieramosta of Florence stating that on August 1, 1900, he was in command of a squad of Alpine soldiers encamped at Pian Paladino, near Aosta. At midday while the squad was having lunch the officer saw a large eagle hovering over the encampment. He snatched a rifle from one of the men and was on the point of firing at it when an old peasant woman who happened to be near sprang on him and prevented him from firing.

She then recounted the legend and said that the King had surely died. Of course nobody believed her, but the next day the news of Humbert's assassination reached the camp. Capt. Basletta gives the names of all the men who were with him and who saw the eagle and heard the legend from the old woman's lips.

To Regulate Gambling in France.

AN attempt is being made in France to regulate gambling while having regard for the interests of public morality and those of the Treasury. An influentially backed bill is before the French Chamber which seeks to introduce personal gambling licenses at a cost of not less than $10 each. Deputy Leon Berthet fathers the project.

His bill has risen out of the Finance Minister's recent proposal to levy a tax on all sorts of gambling and out of the fear expressed by Paul Doumer that a tax on gambling might lead to a great increase in the number of gaming establishments. At present everybody who plays baccarat, roulette or trente et quarante does so freely in the few establishments of the kind existing, but under M. Berthet's system no one would be able to approach the card tables unless he exhibited his license.

The bill makes every game of hazard a State monopoly. No more than one gaming establishment may exist in any one commune, nor shall they exceed twenty-five in the whole of France. No person is to be admitted to gaming rooms unless of age and provided with a license to play.

Of the proceeds of the proposed new State monopoly 10 per cent. is to be deducted for the benefit of the commune in which the gaming establishment is situated and another 10 per cent. for the general improvement of French health resorts. Half the balance is to go to the State old age pension fund for workmen and the other half is to be applied to the reduction of the taxation on unimproved land.

Stories of Rockefeller.

OF the many stories that are in circulation about John D. Rockefeller here is one which is not only absolutely authentic, but which throws a curious light upon the character of the famous millionaire. Many years ago Mr. Rockefeller was a clerk in a Chicago house, at a salary of ten dollars a week. He had an ailment which required a simple and harmless operation. He went to a surgeon of high repute in Cleveland, and arranged to pay so much a month. Not long ago the old complaint manifested itself again, and Mr. Rockefeller sent for the doctor of his youth.

When the examination was over, he remarked:

"I won't keep you waiting for your money this time. Things have changed with me."

"Oh," said the other, "I am out of practice; I wish no fee."

Mr. Rockefeller stepped to his desk, placed bills to the amount of $1,000 in an envelope, and handed them over to the surgeon with the remark, "Well, if you don't want to take a fee, perhaps you will kindly give these to some poor young doctor of your acquaintance."

Apropos of Mr. Rockefeller's decision to give no more interviews to the Press, a very amusing story is told of how he baffled a young New York reporter during the proceedings against the Standard Oil Company last summer. The reporter in question handed him a note, asking, "Do you believe you should receive immunity from criminal prosecution for your testimony here should criminal proceedings be brought?"

"Who sent this?" inquired Mr. Rockefeller.

"The editor of my paper," stammered the reporter.

The oil king leaned forward, placed his hands on the young man's shoulders, stepped down from the platform, and appeared about to whisper a secret reply to his interrogator, but instead of whispering he said aloud:

"Tell your editor I am not in."

The history of the side saddle is shrouded in mystery, but it seems tolerably certain that side saddles were used by ladies in England in the days of the Saxon. It is recorded by Stow in 1720 that side saddles were invented by Anne of Bohemia, queen of Richard II., who was born in 1366; but on a seal of Joan, Countess of Flanders, and dated 1211, that lady is represented as riding in this manner, showing that they were in use 150 years before the birth of Anne.

THE VISIT OF ADMIRAL BERESFORD.
This photo, taken on the City Hall steps, shows the Admiral, Mayor Oliver on the left, and Mr. George Gooderham, M.L.A., in the background.

"I HAD always heard that New Englanders were 'smart,'" a young physician who has "graduated" from a village practice remarked the other day, "but I hardly thought it developed at such an early age."

He smiled reminiscently, then continued:

"Just after I settled in Dobbs Corners a twelve-year-old boy called on me one evening.

"'Say, Doc, I guess I got measles,' he remarked, 'but nobody knows it 'cept the folks at home, an' they ain't the kind that talks, if there's any good reason to keep quiet.'

"I was puzzled, and I suppose I looked it.

"'Aw, get wise, Doc,' my small visitor suggested. 'What will you give me to go to school an' spread it among all the kids in the village?'"

LITTLE Lola was sitting on her grandfather's knee one day, and, after looking at him for some time, she said: "Gwanpa, was 'oo in ze ark?"

"Certainly not, my dear," replied the astonished old gentleman.

"Zen," continued the small inquisitor, "why wasn't 'oo dwowned?"

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, on one occasion, asked Bernard Shaw, the author, to lunch with her. To her invitation she received this ungracious telegram from the author:

"Certainly not. What have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?"

To which Lady Randolph replied:

"Now nothing of your habits. Hope they are not as bad as your manners."

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MINERAL WATER

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Canoes and skiffs of best makers. Guides supplied.

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ONLY DISTILLED WATER USED.

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LANGHAM HOTEL
Portland Place and Regent St. W.
FAMILY HOTEL of the HIGHEST ORDER
in Fashionable and Healthy Locality
Reduced Inclusive Terms
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THE COFFEE ANYBODY CAN MAKE.
SYMINGTON'S

A secret worth knowing.
IT IS so refreshing on a hot dusty day to use
CALVERT'S
Carbolic Toilet Soap.
It quickly removes dust and perspiration, and leaves a pleasant feeling of perfect cleanliness. Pure in quality — as your skin requires—and a protection against contagious diseases, being prepared with 10% pure Carbolic.
15 cents at your druggists. For sample send 2 c. stamp F. C. Calvert & Co., 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

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BACON
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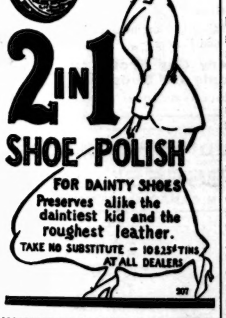
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TORONTO

LONDON LETTER

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

LONDON, August, 1909.

MISS MAY SUTTON has done the general public a good turn. In the height of the dull season, which is also the "silly season", she confides to the press of the American continent that twenty-five is the proper age for a girl to marry, or something to that effect. Instantly popular novelists rush to tell one of the most enterprising of the London morning dailies what each considers the ideal age, and thousands of readers consider the subject gravely and write to give their views to a waiting world. The views vary according to temperament, and it seems as if we should be in doubt at the end of the discussion as to what is the ideal age.

John Strange Winter, once loved as the inventor of "Bootles," though now the Young Person reads G. B. S. and scorns such weak food as "Bootles," writes a long letter expressing her whole-souled belief in early marriages where a boy and girl meet, love, marry, and live happy ever afterwards.

Mrs. Coulson Kernahan thinks it is a case of individuals and not of any particular age. She says the age at which they marry is of little importance provided the right people marry, while Elinor Glyn, who is considered "advanced" in her views, presents herself in the character of a loving old-fashioned woman who believes in the superiority of man. She thinks man was intended to be the master and woman the soother and beautifier of his life. All of which makes amusing summer reading. In a correspondence of this kind it is always interesting to notice that any peg is an excuse for the expression of a prejudice or a grievance.

One woman who has a husband and three sons writes to say that there is no ideal age, for there is nothing ideal about marriage. It simply means that to be a success the woman has to put herself in the background, and remain there. Another has a slap at the women who consider that the possession of the right to vote would add to their happiness, which has nothing to do with the question, and a man writes to say that there would be much more chance of happiness in married life if it were not for love.

Oddly enough during the discussion a small news item in the daily papers threw some light on the marriage question in England, though not with regard to age. A man was arrested for stealing boots which he handed to his wife telling her to run away with them which she did. The man was sentenced to imprisonment, but the wife, although arrested, was discharged, for the reason that a wife is supposed to be always right if she obeys her husband.

* * *

AFTER the wet and cold of June and July we are having a record August. For two weeks there has been glorious sunshine and of course many people are grumbling about the heat. The thermometer is nothing to go by here, for although 86 degrees was the highest registered and the highest for three years, one's sensations were more like 96. There were numerous cases of heat prostration, and several deaths, so that the cooler weather for the last few days has come as a relief. One of the things which all visitors to England find hard to understand is the impossibility of obtaining ice. On the "other side" ice is almost as much a matter-of-course as milk and bread. We look upon it as a necessity and would no more think of serving butter in a melting condition than we would sour milk. Here ice is to be had in the restaurants, but the private houses where people use ice are an exception. If you are on good terms with your fishmonger he will sell you a small piece, at the rate of a penny a pound; otherwise you go without. Of course it is just possible that no ice-merchant wishes to risk money by starting a house-to-house delivery of ice in a country with so variable a climate, but when the weather turns very hot one forgets the days when the introduction of ice into the establishment would have been an act of superogation and only long to hear its clink against the side of a glass.

* * *

MISS CECILY HAMILTON whose book, "Marriage as a Trade", was criticized in a recent issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, is the author of that clever and successful play, "Diana of Dobson's," in which Miss Lena Ashwell took the part of Diana. She is an ardent Suffragette, and a clever speaker and, I believe, was at one time on the stage. Her views are entertaining, and one cannot but suppose that Miss Hamilton was smiling as she wrote some of her sentences and reflected on the sensation they would cause.

* * *

EVERYONE who is anybody—in reason—is away in Scotland. This is as much part of the annual programme for the fashionable folk as the Cowes week, or the trip to see the Derby run, or any other fixture. Thousands of people went north for the Twelfth, and the night trains were run in duplicate and even in triplicate. All the great hostesses are entertaining big house parties and those who are left at home in the unfashionable season of the year are consoled with presents of birds.

On the Twelfth there are always grouse for sale in the London shops which have been kept in cold storage from the preceding summer. Apropos a simple-minded country cousin, seeing grouse in a shop on the actual day devoted to the birds, said:

"And this is the Twelfth too? How do they do it? it is a wonderful age!"

"Yes," said her more enlightened companion "but you mean a wonderful cold stor-age."

* * *

THE question of dressing for Scotland is so important that many girls with small allowances have to refuse the invitation which means the joys of a shooting party in a big house. The things one can wear in London with perfect propriety are out of place in such a gathering. The thin dresses and shoes and pretties generally, are supplanted by short tweed skirts bound with leather; workman-like coats, heavy boots and sporting headgear. This is generally a stitched cloth hat trimmed with a brilliant breast or tuft of feathers and even the old-time Tam is still a good deal worn. Heavy wraps are much wanted and these must be also of a businesslike character. Even the men occasionally find pitfalls, for a novel which appeared not long ago told of the horror of the smart girl, who became engaged to a recently "arrived" young man, when he appeared on the hill wearing cuffs. "The worst kind," groaned Violet, "the ones with a limp waist in the middle which are reversible and wrap over with a solitaire!"

* * *

THE taxi is quickly and surely driving out the hansom and its driver, just as the motor-bus is replacing the dear old horse-bus with its nimble-tongued driver. However, there is some life left in these gentlemen still. Lately a bus was jogging along Oxford street when a carriage essayed to pass in front of it. First, the coachman would and then he wouldn't, while the driver of the bus regarded him contemptuously. Suddenly he brightened up and leaned forward. Raising his whip to the confused coachman he said softly:

"Ow are you gardener? Getting along well with the gees? Coachman still away on 'is oliday, I suppose?"

Don't say you have heard this already!

M. E. MacL. M.

A Visit to the Dalai Lama.

COMMANDER d' OLLONE, who recently returned to France after a two years' journey in China and Tibet, gives an interesting account of an interview he had with the Grand Lama, who, after wandering for some time in Mongolia, took up his residence at Wo Tai Chan, in the mountains on the Chinese frontier.

The palace in which the Lama dwelt occupied a position of extreme picturesqueness. "Imagine a hill in the midst of an amphitheatre of mountains, nearly all reaching an altitude of eleven to twelve thousand feet, their slopes covered with pagodas and sacred buildings," said the Commander. "The central hill, from its base to the summit, is nothing but a heap of tapering temples. Halfway up is a sort of pyramid in the form of a bell, all white. A stately staircase leads to the central platform, which is used both as a temple and as a palace."

Commander d'Ollone says that the Lama had previously received only three other foreigners—Mr. Rockell, the American Minister at Pekin, who went to Tibet on a journey of exploration, Baron Mannerheim, a Russian, and Colonel Reiss. The Lama was sitting on his throne, surrounded by a number of lamas in yellow robes, standing. He is a man of about thirty-five, apparently, and his moustache gives him a military expression. His features resemble those of a European, but his complexion is orange, and quite different from anything the Commander had ever seen. "I have never seen a man with such a complexion in any part of the world," he says. The Grand Lama's general expression was one of profound weariness and lassitude.

He was wearing a long orange tunic, yellow breeches, and high yellow boots. He was bareheaded, and his hair was cut short. A red silk scarf was fixed on his shoulders. The presentation was a curious ceremony, a blue silk scarf being wound round the wrists of the person who is being presented in such a manner that a movement of the fingers causes it to unroll at the right moment. One of the assistants then takes the scarf, and the Grand Lama presents another in its place.

Three interpreters were necessary for Commander d'Ollone's conversation with the Lama: a Chinaman translating the French to a Mongol, who translated again to a Tibetan, who in his turn explained to the Lama, who inquired about his visitor's journey, and asked if he had been disturbed in Tibet. When the Frenchman was about to leave, the Lama handed him a second scarf, this time a white one, and then, raising himself on his throne, gave him another and finer one, saying it was "for the Emperor of the French." He repeated several times the injunction that it was to be given into the "Emperor's" own hands.

THE custom of placing a green bough on the roof of a newly built house is not confined to Germany, but was adopted by the French-Canadians, who brought it with them from Brittany.

The custom was originated from the superstition prevalent centuries ago that every tree is inhabited by a spirit. Consequently, it was believed that every time a tree was felled another spirit was dispossessed, and this was supposed to cause some bitterness on his part against society.

Rather than risk having these homeless and disgruntled spirits vent their ill feeling upon the houses under construction or upon the builders, says Van Norden's Magazine, a branch was planted on the highest part of the house for their occupancy. They were then supposed to be mollified, and if they remained so until the roof was put on any evil design contemplated would prove harmless, for the spell would be broken.

M. CLEMENCEAU

The ex-Premier of France, whose ministry was defeated on a vote of confidence after one of the most violent debates ever heard in the French Chamber. M. Clemenceau at once tendered his resignation, which was accepted.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

ON Tuesday evening Mr. G. H. Gooderham gave a dinner in honor of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, at the Toronto Club. The decoration of the dinner table was very much admired, and evinced taste and ingenuity on the part of the Club officials. The oval table was set about a centre of large palms and gladioli, and moored amid them was a Dreadnought, six feet long, composed of daisies and bearing the British ensign, the Admiral's flag and the Union Jack. Electric lights added to the effect of the pretty floral battleship. The table was decorated in white and red, and the boutonnieres were red. The whole effect was charming, and the Admiral admired it very much. The following guests were invited to meet Lord Beresford: The Premier of Ontario, Chief Justice Sir Chas. Moss, Brig. Gen. Cotton, Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C., Sir Wm. Mulock, Col. Lessard, C.B., Hon. A. J. Matheson, Hon. W. J. Hanna, K.C., His Worship Mayor Oliver, Col. W. C. Macdonald, Mr. J. S. Willison, Mr. E. Bristol, M.P., Hon. S. Lucas, Mr. J. P. Watson, Commodore Cecil Marlatt, R.C.Y.C., Col. G. T. Denison, Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., Mr. Geo. T. Irving, Capt. Melville, Hon. F. Cochrane, Hon. A. Beck, Lt. Col. Robertson, Lt. Col. F. A. Fleming, His Worship Mayor MacLaren, Major J. F. Macdonald, Mr. Cunningham, Hon. Dudley Carlton, Mr. J. E. Atkinson, Lt. Col. V. Williams, A.D.C., Mr. S. E. Briggs, Mr. W. K. McNaught, M.P.P., Mr. W. J. Douglas, Mr. A. Claude Macdonell, M.P., Hon. Thos. Crawford, Hon. J. S. Duff, Mr George H. D. Lee, Lt. Col. Gooderham, Dr. J. A. Macdonald, Hon. J. S. Hendrie, C.V.O., Col. Sir H. M. Pellatt, A.D.C., Mr. W. K. George, Mr. John A. Cooper, Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., Mr. William Mackenzie, Mr. John G. Kent.

The National Exhibition Board has long held high rank as a lion-hunter, and this year persuaded Lord Charles Beresford to come over for Opening Day. The genial sailor made a fine speech, sounding like a bid for International boat-building, and the vast crowd thronging the Dairy building cheered his remarks. The weather was fine and breezy and decidedly cool for August, but the Exhibition had its usual luck, and the rain held off well. The added grounds have given the Fair much needed space, and the military are a great drawing card. The new sea-wall, meagre as it is, is a fine beginning of what should have continued all the way across our waterfront, instead of being only a small section at Exhibition and Scarboro' Parks. By the way, one gets rather a surprise at the extent, order, beauty and cleanliness of the latter lake-side resort, on a first visit. The dainty flying machine of Mr. Willard was the magnet which drew several people to Scarboro' Park this week, and the bright young aviator was very approachable and interesting in conversation. The high winds kept him and his machine on *terra firma*, but he was ready to go up whenever the wind went down.

A new portrait of Lady Smith-Dorrien, the wife of Lieut.-General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

Mrs. Valancey Fuller and Miss Ruth Fuller are in town for Miss Fuller's wedding, which takes place in a few days. This happy event is the climax of a shipboard acquaintance, as has been the case with several marriages in high circles recently. Mr. Walsh is a handsome and attractive Irishman with fine means and that finished manner which much travel and intercourse with bright people ensures. Toronto has welcomed him heartily, and congratulations are even to the bride and groom-elect. The marriage will be celebrated privately, and Mr. and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston have lent their fine new home in St. George Street for the reception afterwards. The bride and groom will spend part of each year in travel abroad, and make their home in Texas, where Mr. Walsh is a prominent rancher.

Mr. W. C. Muir, formerly of Toronto, now of New York, is spending his holidays in Port Dalhousie and Toronto.

Mrs. Arthur Piers and Miss Piers are visiting Mrs. Æmilius Jarvis at the Island.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Strathy returned this week from a visit to Barrie. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Strathy, of Queen's Park, are expected home from Europe to-day. Mr. R. J. Strathy is going abroad for an extended tour in November.

Mrs. J. E. Elliott and her son Leighton have returned from Newfoundland.

Mrs. Roy Archer, known to many Torontonians as Ethel Palin, has been for some weeks on a visit to her relatives in town, and brought her splendid little son with her, to the admiration of all his kin. Mrs. Archer and "Bobs" left this week for Pittsburg to join Mr. Archer, who is engaged in engineering work there. Toronto friends have much enjoyed seeing Mrs. Archer, whose lovable qualities always endeared her to them.

On Saturday, August 28, at Quebec, the marriage of Mr. Henry H. Mason of Toronto and Miss Ethel Wilson of London, England, was celebrated very quietly. Miss Enid Newcombe, Mr. Alfred J. Mason and Miss Kate E. Mason witnessed the ceremony which was performed by Rev. George Cobbledick.

The marriage of Mr. Henry W. Mickle and Miss Frances Morris, daughter of the late William J. Morris of Perth, and grand-daughter of the late Hon. William Morris, M.L.C., took place on Saturday, August 28, at ten o'clock a.m., in St. Simmon's Church, Rev. G. C. Cayley, the Rector, officiating. In the unavoidable absence of her brother, the bride was brought in and given away by her uncle, Mr. George Radenhurst of Barrie. She wore a handsomely embroidered costume of white broadcloth, and large white plumed hat, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The only guests at this wedding were the immediate relatives, and there were no attendants on bride or groom. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Mickle left on their bridal trip, the bride travelling in a blue linen costume and black hat. On their return they will reside at No. 8 Rosedale Road.

Mrs. William Mackenzie of Benvenuto returned from England yesterday morning.

Miss Campbell Noble, daughter of the famous Scotch landscape painter is out from Edinborough on a visit to Mrs. Collingwood McLeod. Miss Campbell Noble is a delightful and cultured girl, whom everyone enjoys meeting.

Mrs. and Miss Ruth Fuller are spending the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Henri Suydam in Rosedale, who are giving a dinner for Miss Fuller and Mr. Richard Walsh this evening at the Hunt Club. Their marriage takes place on Monday.

Mr. and Miss Doris Henshaw of Vancouver, were in town at midweek and left for Lake of Bays to visit Mr. and Mrs. Morden.

Mr. Herbert E. T. Haultain and Miss Muriel Cronyn are to be married next Saturday at eleven o'clock, in St. Stephen's church, Bellevue avenue.

The very excellent and characteristic portrait of the late lamented Herbert C Hammond, painted by Mr. Wyly Greer, was placed in the Toronto Club on Thursday morning, and the members have one and all studied it with the mingled sadness and gratification one feels at such a reminder of a beloved friend now gone over to the majority. Mr. Hammond stands leaning against the mantel of the fireplace in the club room, cigar in one hand, and the other hand in the trouser pocket. As one friend said on studying this characteristic attitude: "His hand was always in his pocket to help those who were in need." The glow of the coal fire lights up the picture, and on the handsome mobile face is the alert and attentive expression which Mr. Hammond's friends knew and loved.

An interesting engagement was announced in Chicago last month between Dr. Wilfrid Grenfell, the world-known physician-missionary on the Labrador, and Miss Anna Caldwell McLanagan, of Chicago. This engagement is the sequel of an acquaintance formed on board the S.S. Mauritania, when the lady was returning from Europe with a party of friends last June, and Dr. Grenfell was travelling with his mother to Canada, when she visited Miss Greenshields at her summer place in Port Hope. I am informed that Dr. Grenfell and Miss McLanagan will be married in November, when the Dr. returns from the Labrador.

Mr. Dyment has purchased "The Dale," the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Hoskin. This is one of the old-time homes of which so few now remain in Toronto.

Miss Dorothea Helen Oxley and her brother Mr. J. Morrow Oxley, daughter and son of the late J. Macdonald Oxley, are both engaged to be married early next month. Miss Oxley's *futur*, is Dr. William E. Ogden son of Dr. Albert Ogden, and Mr. J. Morrow Oxley, will take for his bride Miss Luecile Lichstern of Chicago.

Fifteen brides-to-be are busily shopping, haunting the fashionable dressmaking and fitting rooms and dreaming of hats and gowns of superlative smartness. One of them will go to China, another to Texas, one to Halifax, another abroad, but quite a number will be content to remain in Ontario. A new home is being completed in Penetang for one dear little girl, whom her Toronto friends will miss very much. To offset the loss of some of our fair girls, our young men are going far afield for their wives. A very lovable and pretty bride of this fall will be Miss Ida Winter of St. John's, Newfoundland, whom Mr. Arthur Jarvis will bring to Toronto as his bride before Christmas. And there are others.

Mr. and Mrs. Mulock and their children returned from Minnicog on Tuesday.

Captain and Mrs. Reginald Pellatt will spend some time abroad.

Mrs. A. L. Irving and her grand-daughter Mrs. Rupert Bruce, are going to Southern Europe for some months. Mrs. Bruce is not in good health, and the trip is for her benefit.

Principal and Mrs. Auden are home from Muskoka.

Mrs. C. J. MacDougall and her younger son have gone to England. Colonel MacDougall has been promoted to the command of the Nova Scotia district.

The Wabi Kon Camp Resort at Lake Temagami evidently appeals to American tastes, as a large and important list of arrivals from New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Buffalo marked the last week in August. Wabi-Kon has capable management, and deserves its success.

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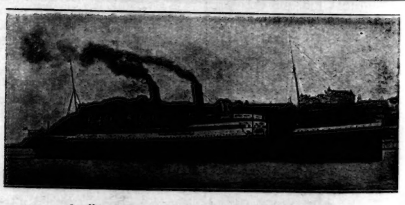

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM is not by any means a first-rate writer, and his latest novel, "Jeanne of the Marshes," is a piece of fiction at which critics most certainly scoff. The title, too, is suggestive of melodrama and sickly sentimentality. As a matter of fact, however, this story, which has just been published by the Copp, Clark Company, Toronto, is an exceedingly good one of its kind, and the average reader will find it vastly entertaining, even fascinating. For the average reader is not so hypercritical as to lose interest in a really thrilling yarn just because the author has in places put ungrammatical sentences in the mouths of educated characters, and been guilty of other lapses peculiar to over-hasty writing. As far as the present reviewer in concerned, he found "Jeanne of the Marshes" a rattling good story and read it through, "without skipping," as the youngsters say—which is more than can be said by reviewers of many more pretentious works. Indeed, it can be commended to those

AMBROSE BIERCE,
who has been called the enigma of American literature.

who enjoy very light fiction as being one of the best tales of the sort to be published this year.

The scenes are laid in England, and the chief characters are Princess Eva, a foreign adventuress; her fellow-conspirator, Major Forrest, high-class English card-sharp; the Princess's step-daughter, Jeanne, the heroine; Lord Ronald Bernors, a rich young man whom Forrest seeks to rob at bridge; Cecil de la Borne, a tool of the Princess and her disreputable friend the major; and Andrew de la Borne, the hero. The Princess, although regarded with suspicion and disfavor, keeps afloat in society by reason of her guardianship of Jeanne, reputed to be a very great heiress. Her pal, the major, lives by doing crooked work at the clubs and elsewhere. But the two are near the end of their resources. Cecil de la Borne is inveigled into inviting the two jackals, male and female, to his country home, together with Lord Ronald, who is drawn into a series of crooked bridge games. The elder de la Borne, a big, serious-minded fellow, who despises the artificial life of his brother and his friends, leaves the house during the visit, and the younger brother poses as owner of the place. But Jeanne, who is an innocent, likable young girl, makes his acquaintance, thinking him to be merely a fisherman. Lord Ronald discovers that he is being cheated and robbed, a row ensues, and he disappears. The rest of the story must be left to the reader of the book. It is enough to add that the Princess is not successful in disposing of Jeanne and her supposed fortune to the highest bidder.

* * *

There is no harm in writing sonnets. The exercise may even be good for the young person ambitious to become a versifier. But why, oh why, do ultra-minor poets write sob-sodden sonnets by the score and have them printed in a book? It is to W. M. MacKeracher, author of "Sonnets and Other Verse," just published by William Briggs, Toronto, that one turns at the moment for an answer to the question. One can imagine the answer, too,—one to the effect that the questioner is ill-natured and unreasonable, the worst knocker hereabouts, in fact, when Canadian poetry is in question. But what is to become of Canadian poetry if every reviewer in the country continues to say the same thing about all the verse, good, bad, and indifferent, that is published here—that it is very sweet and pretty and "full of promise"? As to Mr. MacKeracher's verse, it isn't really bad. It is far from being an awful example. But one looks in vain through the pages of his book for any original thought, for any special delicacy of expression, for any trace of the magic that is the essential quality of genuine poetry. It is to be noted that several of the sonnets are "from the prose of Parkman." Why Mr. MacKeracher should take the trouble to twist fragments of Parkman's excellent prose into rhyme is something which no fellow can understand. And really so many versifiers have told us how they felt "On Finding a Copy of Burns's Poems in the House of an Ontario Farmer," or elsewhere, that such poems as this have come to be considered a bore. Mr. MacKeracher can rhyme well enough, but he needs in his rhyming something real and fresh in the way of subject matter.

* * *

Thaddeus A. Browne is another poet who has just had a volume issued by Briggs, the Toronto publisher. An announcement on the wrapper advertises the fact that the poems sound "a new note in literature." They certainly do. The work is entitled "The White Plague and Other Poems," and the verse deals largely with the plague consumption, picturing its ravages in various forms and urging its extermination in a variety of metres. The intention of the author is good, but as the appeal made in the poems is not particularly striking, the result has been the production of a volume gruesomely peculiar. However, just to cheer us up a bit at the end, a couple of rhymes about suffragettes have been inserted, and the *piece de resistance* is a heroic poem on "Tom Longboat's Victory," commemorating the famous contest between Alfred Shrubb and Longboat in Madison Square, New York, February 5, 1909.

* * *

A book of poems that is rich indeed in gems of fine and more or less inspired song came to the reviewer's table this week. It is "The Book of Common Praise," the new hymn book of the Church of England in Canada, printed at the University Press, Oxford, and issued by Henry Frowde, Toronto. The preparation of this work was commenced in 1905, every member of the Upper House and every clergyman of the church in Canada was consulted in the matter, and the result is a very comprehensive collection of hymns to the number of 795. Mr. James Edmund Jones acted as convener of the compilation committee, and the music was edited by Sir George C. Martin, Mus. Doc., organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England. The task of compilation was no light one, but those engaged in it have every reason to be more than satisfied with the result achieved.

* * *

How many readers of this page ever heard of Ambrose Bierce? Probably very few. And yet the works of this American writer, who is about as little known in his own country as he is in Canada, have been translated into every European language. He is a unique figure in literature, and has been referred to as "the enigma of American letters." Attention has been called to Bierce on account of the recent publication of a costly edition of his collected works. In California, where Bierce lives, he is a cult; and everybody knows that a very large share of the brains of the United States comes from California. They ought to know a writer when they see him there, and they say Bierce is a wonderful writer. Yet his collected works are published in an edition limited to 250 copies! In the September issue of Current Literature there appears a very interesting article on this writer and his extraordinary position in the world of literature, and the following extracts beckon irresistibly for the shears:

California, mother of many eminent authors, regards him as one who enjoys "the full wide world's testimony of his worth." His fellow writers nurtured in the same soil speak of him in terms of hyperbolic laudation. Says Edwin Markham: "Bierce is our literary Atlas. His is a composite mind—a blending of Hafiz, the Persian; Swift, Poe, Thoreau, with sometimes a gleam of the Galilean." Gertrude Atherton affirms that Bierce has "the best brutal imagination of any man in the English-speaking race." J. O'Hara Cosgrove, formerly editor of The Wave, now editor of Everybody's, speaks in awestruck tones of Mr. Bierce's stylistic attainments. "Here," he says, "is a literary quality that is a consecration. A perfect arrangement of words expressing an idea, an attitude, a form as imperishable as stone." The Hearst papers idolize Bierce; he is the oracle of Hearst's monthly, The Cosmopolitan. Promising young Californians like George Sterling dedicate their books to him as one lays precious offerings at the feet of some idol. His publishers' literary notes are apotheoses; they are honestly convinced that in the history of American literature no more important announcement has been made than that the collected works of Ambrose Bierce, edited and arranged by himself, and representing the best of his life's work, have been published by them in ten gorgeous volumes.

Yet, in spite of all these distinguished spokesmen, the literary reputation of Ambrose Bierce is confined to a narrow circle. America, as well as England, has turned a deaf ear to his verbal cascades.

Mr. Bierce has been writing for a good many years; he is no longer a young man; he has addressed through his journalism a vast number of people. And yet, Jacob Tonson remarks in The New Age (London), the question that starts to the lips of ninety-nine readers out of a hundred, even the best informed, will assuredly be: Who is Ambrose Bierce? "I scarcely know," Mr. Tonson admits, "but I will say that among what I may term 'underground reputations' that of Ambrose Bierce is perhaps the most striking modern example. You may wander for years through literary circles and never meet anybody who has ever heard of Ambrose Bierce, and then you may hear some erudite student whisper in awed voice: 'Ambrose Bierce is the greatest living imaginative prose writer.' I have heard such an opinion expressed. I think I am in a position to deny it. Although I have read little of Ambrose Bierce, I have read what is probably his best work, to wit, his short stories. After I had read the first I was almost ready to arise and cry with that erudite student: 'This is terrific.' But after I had read a dozen I had grown calmer. For they were all composed according to the same recipe, and they all went off at the end like the report of the same pistol. Nevertheless," Mr. Tonson goes on to say, "he is a remarkable writer. His aim, in his short stories, is to fell you with a single blow. And one may admit that he succeeds. In the line of the startling—half Poe, half Merimee—he cannot have many superiors."

He is a poet and an essayist, a short-story writer, a critic, a political writer, and, above all, a powerful satirist. Like Poe, he has dwelt with the occult and the terrible; like Poe also, he has been fascinated by science, and, again like Poe, he has depicted in a grotesque, satirical tale the downfall of the American republic.

Mr. Bierce is undoubtedly to be regarded as one of the vital personalties in the world of American letters; he seems to have been critic and inspirer of many Californian writers of wider popularity than he has ever attained. His personal fascination has evidently hypnotized those who have been in immediate contact with him. He seems to be the living centre of the Bohemian Club in San Francisco. His works, however, while striking, are not extraordinary; and his genius has been warped by provincial adulation. If he were as great as his admirers maintain, it is almost unthinkable that his fame and fortune should never have penetrated beyond the esoteric coterie of those who have made him a cult.

* * *

D. Appleton & Co. have recently brought out a new edition of "David Harum." One fears to say what number is attached to it, but it is a matter of record that many more than one million one hundred thousand copies of this phenomenal success have been sold since its publication in 1898.

* * *

Since his tour of the far north and his experience in the British Columbia woods, where he was lost for over five hours, and was so unnerved as to lean against a shadow thinking it a tree, Earl Grey ought to be about the most appreciative reader in the country of R. W. Service's poems.

HAL.

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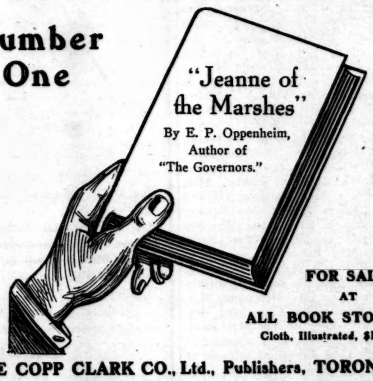

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MR. AND MRS. AEMILIUS BALDWIN announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Miss Alice Muriel Baldwin, and Mr. Sebert M. Glassco, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Glassco, of Hamilton, Ontario.

Miss Lawrie, of Cottingham street, has returned from Europe.

The engagement of Miss Margaret Adeline Perry and Mr. E. G. Townsend, of the Dominion bank, Calgary, is announced. Their marriage will be quietly celebrated this month.

On Monday afternoon, at half past one o'clock, the marriage of Mr. Harry Herbert O'Flynn, of the Dominion Bank, Toronto, and Edith McDowell Thomson, elder daughter of Chief Justice Sir William and Lady Mulock, was celebrated in St. Paul's church, Bloor street, Rev. Canon Cody, D.D., officiating. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the bride's parents and four or five intimate friends, no invitations having been issued. Sir William Mulock brought in the bride and gave her away, and the groom's brother, Mr. O'Flynn, was best man. The bride wore her travelling costume of peacock green cloth, with strappings of black, and a black hat, and immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. O'Flynn drove to the boat and left for a trip down the St. Lawrence. The weather was lovely, and all the friends of the bride and groom heartily wish that this time honored omen may foretell a long and happy life to a couple so highly and deservedly esteemed.

A handsome couple, who are being entertained on all sides, are Miss Fuller and her *futur*, Mr. Walshe, whose marriage is a happy event of the near future. This evening a large dinner is to be given in their honor at the Hunt Club.

If last fall was "debutante's year," this autumn may be fairly dubbed "bride's year," not only because of the numbers who will offer oblations to Hymen, but also because all of them are so well known and much admired. Every day one meets a maiden with that busy or distrant air which confesses that her mind is occupied with important shopping or shaping, or has lost itself in the mists of love-dreaming. The up-to-date, advanced young woman will confess to business, but scorns the imputation of love-dreams. She is not half as attractive as the foolish and adorable maid who never tires of telling one what a dear her husband-to-be is, and what delightful people all his family are. One hears plenty of raptures of this sort, in intimate conversation these days, and even the most *blase* and cynical listener feels a softening of the heart in consequence. "Bride's year" has begun early, and September and October are fast becoming filled with the scent of orange blooms and the music of wedding bells.

MISS PIERPONT MORGAN,
Who recently made a record flight in New York in the dirigible balloon, "Ville de Nancy."

A little luncheon in honor of some of the season's brides-elect was given at McConkey's on Wednesday, where the happy maidens enjoyed the delightful music of the Hungarian band and a tempting menu, and where diamonds flashed with tell-tale significance from pretty third fingers. The girls who were entertained were Miss Muriel Baldwin, Miss Ruth Fuller, Miss Heloise Keating, Miss Alice Baines and Miss Delphine Sylvester.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn have been occupying a suite at the Prince George since their return from Muskoka in August. Major Cockburn, V.C., came on from the North-West this week to spend some time at Birch Point, Muskoka, where the family is again in residence.

Mr. Cameron Wilson, St. Andrew's College, is visiting his mother in Brantford since his return from Nova Scotia.

On Wednesday morning, August 25, at the Church of the Holy Family, one of the prettiest weddings of the season was solemnized when Miss Emily O'Leary, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis O'Leary, was married to Mr. Edward Vincent O'Sullivan, second son of the late D. A. O'Sullivan, M.A., LL.B., Q.C. The ceremony which was fully choral was performed by Rev. Father P. J. Coyle, assisted by Rev. Father Walsh and Father Rohleder. Miss Evelyn O'Donohue and Mr. Frank Fulton sang. The bridal procession was led by the matron of honor, Mrs. F. Sylvester Miller, richly gowned in black cashmere de soi with black Parisian picture hat wreathed with yellow and blue lilies; next came the bridesmaids, Miss Winnifred Kavanagh, of Baltimore, and Miss Nan O'Sullivan, in pale blue batiste gowns, with large black hats with plumes, and carrying white roses. They wore the groom's gifts, hoops of pearls. Last of all came the beautiful bride, who was brought in by her brother, in an exquisite lingerie gown with yoke of bebe Irish, her long tulle veil with wreath of orange blossoms caught by a Juliet crown completed the handsome costume, and she carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses; her only ornaments were the gifts of the groom and the matron of honor, a gold bracelet and pearl earrings. Mr. A. W. Bixel, Strathroy, was best man. Messrs. Harold Shapley, Jack Flannagan, Den. O'Leary, Paul O'Sullivan were ushers. After the ceremony the guests drove to the home of the bride's parents, 125 Tyndall Ave., where a dainty dejeuner was served and Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan received the felicitation of their many friends. On their return they will reside at 168 Dunn Ave. The bride's mother wore a mauve Princess gown with hat to match; the mother of the groom was in grey Directoire cloth with silver scarf and black hat.

Among the latest Toronto arrivals at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, are: Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Langley, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Levenmouth, Mrs. McIver, Mr. G. Cecil Moss, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Michie, Mr. W. G. Suckling, Mr. E. J. Jacobi, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Chisholme, Mr. H. F. Marriott, Mr. W. D. Watson, Mr. F. W. MacKellar, Miss G. Rever, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Copland, Mr. Stanley S. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigmore and the Misses Wigmore, Mr. and Mrs. Rousseau Kleiser, Mr. Edwards, Mr. M. Lawrie, Miss H. Russell, Miss E. Sanderson, Dr. Hodgson, Mr. R. B. Buchanan, Mr. H. A. Telfer, Mr. W. D. Lummis, Mr. J. J. MacFadden, Mr. D. B. Bowie, Mr. G. G. Chrysler, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. M. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, Mr. Herbert Locke, Mr. G. W. Pardon, Mr. A. L. Bingham, Mr. B. B. Cooke, Mr. S. M. Knox.

On Monday afternoon, Mrs. George H. Gooderham gave a tea in the Art Gallery of the Exhibition, to which her friends were asked to meet Lord Beresford. The guests were invited from four to five-thirty, and many leading society folk turned up loyally at the former hour, and waited all the afternoon for a shake hands from the hero of the British Navy, but the gallant sailor man did not make port until most of the guests had gone home, when he arrived in charge of his host and Mr. W. K. George, and received what was left of the party in that jolly, smiling manner which suggests the result of a certain breakfast food. However, those who were at the tea had a very great pleasure and pastime in examining the pictures, some of decided merit and interest, and much appreciated the happy thought which located Mrs. Gooderham's tea in the Art Gallery. As the Exhibition did not formally open until Tuesday afternoon, the public view of the pictures was in no way interfered with. The teatable beautifully decorated with flowers and laden with the nicest dainties, was set in the third gallery, where the hostess in a rich taupe satin gown received her guests. The costumes were smart and summery, and among those present were Chief Justice Sir Charles and Lady Moss, Chief Justice Sir William and Lady Mulock, Mr. Cawthra Mulock, General and Mrs. Cotton, Mrs. A. S. Irving and her sister, Mr. and Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. Willison and Miss Harris, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mr. G. A. Reid, Mr. Gagen, Mr. Wyly Grier, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Colonel and Mrs. Gooderham, Mr. and Miss Brouse, Mr. George Hees, Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Captain and Mrs. Wyatt, Mrs. and Miss Yorker, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, Mr. Macklem, Mrs. Duncan Coulson, Mr. and Mrs. Agar Adamson, Dr. and Mrs. Adam Wright, the Misses Wright, Mr. Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Professor Mavor, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Willie Gwynn, Mrs. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Warwick, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wyld, Mrs. Sheard, Mr. Paul Sheard, Mrs. and Miss Winett, His Worship the Mayor, Mrs. and Miss Oliver, Mr. McNaught, Mrs. Tudhope, Mrs. D. King Smith, Mrs. Cummings, Mrs. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Roaf, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, and many others. The handsome young soldier-secretary of Lord Beresford attracts as many glances from the young people as does the jolly, square-set Admiral.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Morrow, of Peterborough, announce the engagement of their second daughter, Miss Mary Josephine, to Mr. James Edwin Laughlin, of Winnipeg. Their marriage will take place the latter part of this month.

Miss Augustine Adams is the guest of Mrs. Laird, Cluny Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. James Meek, of Port Arthur, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Edna Louise MacFarlane, to Mr. Albert Ernest Millican, of Calgary, Alta., youngest son of Rev. Wm. and Mrs. Millican, of Chicago. The marriage will take place quietly on September the fifteenth.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas and their family returned from their vacation on Monday. Mrs. Sands was with them.

Mrs. Gwynn and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, who were at the Prince George during August, returned to Ottawa the end of last week.

The destruction of the Strathcona Hotel at Niagara-on-the-Lake last week adds another to the losses by fire suffered by Torontonians at summer resorts. Last year some of our people had the horrid experience of losing all their wardrobes in the deep sea; this year others had the misery of seeing their habiliments burnt up before their eyes, some of them being left with only the bathing suits in which they swam. No one but the victims of such a loss can understand or gauge it, for the personal belongings of the hapless ones often include prized articles never to be replaced.

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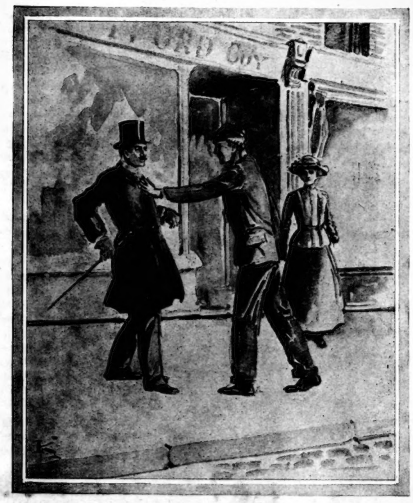
A CHAMPION LOST

By PETER O'DEE

JIM used to board in our old shack in Montreal in those days, said my friend the bald-headed accountant. He was the broth of a boy, too, a tall, limber, good-looking Irishman, ready for anything from making love to prize-fighting. All the rest of us fellows liked him and were proud of him. We thought he'd develop some day into a world's champion. For he certainly could box. You could tell it to look at him. He was a slender fellow, but he had a grand pair of shoulders, which he carried pretty well forward, as though ready to hit on the instant and put his whole weight into it. His neck was a beauty, too, a regular number sixteen and a half, and he carried his square chin tucked into it, just as if he was keeping it out of the way of a knock-out punch. Stripped he was the prettiest man I ever saw in my life. But you could tell he was a boxer a mile away.



"Jim put his left hand on the man's chest and stopped him."

And then to think he has turned out to be a railroad contractor after all! Egad, it's too bad. But I suppose his boxing came in handy in his business. I was looking over a trade magazine the other day and I came across an account of his life. There was a picture of him, too, but I'd hardly have known him. He's got fat and sleek-looking like an Irish political boss, and he was dressed to kill—his wife's influence, I suppose. But there was the same humor in his mouth, though it's a little tighter now, and the old twinkle in his eyes, though they have developed wrinkles in the corners and grown shrewder. He's a successful man now, is Jim—I suppose I ought to call him Mr. James R. Halloran. You know, he has got a big contract to build a section of the new Transcontinental. Oh, millions involved! The paper called him a constructive genius. But, Lord, what a prize-fighter he'd have made!

Twenty years ago or more, when he boarded with the rest of us at old mother Barclay's place on St. Antoine street in Montreal, no one thought of any future for Jim except the ring. And I half believe he looked forward to it himself. For he never thought of anything but boxing. He used to work then for an old Irish contractor by the name of Dineen, a hard-hitting, hard-drinking old rascal, but a good one at his business. It was there Jim learned his trade. But all his spare time was put in at a gymnasium in town, run by an ex-prize-fighter. Jim was down there almost every night of the week. And even in his own room he had clubs and dumb-bells and all kinds of apparatus. The fellow simply worshipped his body. It was a sort of religion with him; and a mighty good religion it is, too, for it kept Jim straighter than a plumb-line. He never boozed or smoked, and he was as careful of what he ate as an old convalescent. The result was a manly physique that would make any healthy woman's eyes dance with pleasure.

The women around the place were all crazy about Jim, from old mother Barclay down, for besides being good-looking, he had a smooth Irish way with them, a sort of caressing manner which would bring the birds down off the trees. But there was one girl there who never took any notice of him. She was young and pretty, too, but had a cold, proud way with her. We all thought there must have been reverses in her family, for she was a lady all right. But none of us knew where she came from or anything about her, except that she worked in a lawyer's office downdown. Anyway she paid no attention to Jim or the rest of us. We used to refer to her as "the duchess." And the funny part of it is that Jim was shyer with her than anybody else was. He had the gift of the gab with the women all right; but as soon as she came around he'd shut up tighter than an oyster and he'd hardly answer a question. The girl never seemed to know he was there, and her dark eyes would look right into space as if he had never existed.

This went on for quite a while, and then I began to notice a change in her manner towards him. At table she'd look across at him under her eyebrows, and then sort of flush and grow nervous when he caught her. And of course he'd get so flustered at this, that he'd hardly be able to hold his knife and fork. The girl was looking jaded, too. She'd come in pale and tired, and you could see in her manner that something was worrying her. Finally one night at supper she jumped up from the table as Jim left, and hurried out after him. The rest of us all gaped at one another, though no one made any remark. It didn't seem possible that she'd be going after him. But I knew in my heart she was, and that she wanted his help. Well, he told me the whole story months afterwards.

He heard her coming after him and turned around. He was so surprised to see who it was, that he blushed and stammered like a sentimental schoolboy. And she was nervous, too.

"I'm—I'm sorry to have to apply to you, Mr. Halloran—" she began.

"Well, you can't expect me to share your regret," said Jim, recovering his courage and his blarney.

"Oh, I beg your pardon—I didn't mean it that way. But I'm in trouble," she hurried on, "and I thought that perhaps you could help me."

I suppose that as she said it she kind of looked Jim over. Anyway he tumbled at once to what was expected of him.

"Is there anybody that needs a whipping?" he asked, and I know the quiet, business-like tone he'd say it in. For I have seen him in action—but of course that's neither here nor there.

"Yes, there is—" she said, and Jim told me it pretty near scared him to see the way her little fists clenched and her eyes flashed and her bosom heaved. "Yes, there is, and if I were a man I'd never have to apply to you to give him what he deserves."

And then she told him that there was a fellow who followed her home every evening from her office, a Frenchman, dressed to kill—one of those professional mashers, you know. He would walk right along with her, making love to her for all he was worth; and he only laughed at her threats to inform the police. He knew that she wouldn't do that on account of the notoriety of it. Those scoundrels pick out the people they feel they are safe with, and he took advantage of her being a lady. This had been going on for some weeks now, and the girl had even thought of giving up her position. She was a stranger in Montreal, and there was no one she could apply to. And so as a last resort she had turned to Jim, feeling that he could assist her if he wanted to. And Jim was the sort of fellow a woman would naturally bank on.

Well, of course, this was just meat to the boy. He could have wept for the joy of it. Get a wallop at a lady-killer, and a Frenchman at that!—well, his name was Halloran, and there never was one of the breed that wouldn't much rather fight than drink whisky. So Jim had her tell him the way she came home and the time and all that.

"And what build of man is he?" he asked.

"Not big enough for you to be afraid of," said she.

"Miss Christy," he answered, with all the pride of the Irish kings, his ancestors—they're all descended from kings, you know—"Miss Christy, there isn't any man on earth so big as that."

And then she saw that it was just a born fighter's natural foresight, and she asked his pardon, and told him everything. So he arranged to meet her the next evening on her way home.

I just happened to come out of the dining-room at that moment, and I heard him say to her as she started upstairs, "At the corner of Mountain and St. James at five o'clock—sure."

Jim didn't tell me anything about it, but I knew that something was on. But, of course, I didn't bother much over it; and I might have forgotten all about the matter, if it wasn't that I happened to be in rather early the following afternoon, and just about ten minutes to five saw Jim slipping out of the house. Then I remembered the appointment; and I also noticed his dress. He had on a short close-fitting coat, buttoned right up to the chin, and a little round cap pulled down as far as it would go. He looked more like a prize-fighter than ever, and I knew that this was a business meeting, whatever else it was.

It was none of my concern, but I couldn't resist the temptation. I jumped into a coat and stole out after him. He was out of sight when I got down onto the street, but I knew where he had gone and I sauntered along in the same direction. I went down Mountain street, and as I got near the corner of St. James I adopted a very casual and leisurely attitude. I glanced around the corner, and there was my brave Jim leaning up against a shop-window, trying to seem perfectly unconcerned, but evidently very keenly on the alert.

As I looked at him he suddenly started to his feet, and following his eye I saw Miss Christy hurrying along in our direction as fast as she could, and right beside her came a French Beau Brummel. He was a handsome brute, of a luscious, full-fed type, swarthy and dissolute, a regular Don Juan. And he was dressed to kill, frock and topper and all the fixings. He was keeping step for step with the girl, and he had his right shoulder just back of her left.

Jim started towards them, and I knew by the sway of his shoulders that something was going to happen. I slipped into the shop doorway. They were only a few yards off, and I didn't miss a thing. Jim stepped right in front of them. The girl gave him a quick nod, and slipped by, while Jim put his left hand on the man's chest and stopped him. The man looked from him to the girl, who deliberately stopped and turned around to see what happened; and I guess he knew what was coming. But he didn't flinch a bit.

"Excuse me, mister," said Jim, "do you know that lady?"

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders a little, and took a tight grip on the middle of his cane with his right hand, as he answered.

"What ees that to you, my good fellow?"

Jim made a short step forward with his left foot, and pushed the man gently back with his left hand.

"Oh, she's a friend of mine," he said.

Just then the Frenchman gave a quick jab at Jim's face with the feruled end of his stick, but he was not quite fast enough. Jim's left caught his arm, and at the same time Jim swung his right. It was beautifully timed, and took the Frenchman full on the point of the jaw. He went down as though hit by a pile-driver. But Jim hadn't put out his full force, and the other fellow had nerve. He was stunned for a moment, but he scrambled to his feet and rushed at Jim like a madman, with his hands outstretched like claws and his teeth bared. All he needed was a knife between them to look like a wild pirate. And his curses were beautiful. You didn't need to know French to understand that.

But you can see what chance he had against Jim. By Jove, it was inspiring to see the boy do it. I tell you, if ever you think of jumping into a fight before a woman, be sure that you win, and win like a god. It isn't enough to beat the other fellow. If you get battered up at all in the process, she'll never be able to think of anything else but your black eye as long as you live. If you go into it, you must finish it beautifully. Well, Jim did. He stood there poised on one foot, as graceful as a Greek statue. And as the Frenchman rushed at him, his right swung up again; and this time there was no mistake. The Frenchman went down for the count all right. He lay there in a heap, his fine clothes all dust, his silver-mounted stick broken, and his shiny topper a wreck. Jim looked him over to be sure there was no more fight in him, and then turned to the girl.

She was standing right out in front of me. But they had eyes only for one another. As he came up to her she put out both her hands to him. And there was a look in her eyes that made me want to jump out and throttle the boy for sheer, wild jealousy. I'd give ten years of my life to have a woman look at me like that.

"Come on, come on," he said, "there will be a crowd in a minute."

He took her by the arm, and in an instant they had hurried around the corner, leaving the Frenchman there on the sidewalk. A crowd began to gather, so I helped him into the shop. I didn't want the police interfering.

Oh, yes, he married her all right. With a start like that, what else could he do? Besides a boarding-house naturally inclines a fellow's thoughts to matrimony and a home of his own. I saw her a year or so ago. She hasn't changed so much as Jim—women don't, when they know how to take care of themselves. In fact I think she has improved, if anything. I like her looks better now—not so cold and reserved as when she was a girl. But there's nothing like the care of a family to soften a woman.

The accountant scratched his head thoughtfully with the handle of his pen.

"Lord, what a fighter was lost in Jim!" he said finally, and turned once more to his accounts.

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!?· Points About People ·?!

The Late Dean Egan.

REGRET over the death of the late Rev. Father John Egan, Dean of Barrie, has not by any means been confined to those of his own religious communion. The possessor of one of the biggest hearts that was ever put into a man, of the most delightful and winning brogue that was ever given to an Irishman, and of an exceptionally witty tongue, his company was welcome wherever he went.

Anecdotes by the score have been related of him, some of them true and some of them false, and a number of them of course have found their way into this journal. Probably the best of them, which was published two or three years ago, and which is worth repeating, was the famous retort he made to a certain prelate who rebuked him for being so fond of horses, saying that his mind should be more placed upon spiritual matters. They were driving along the road, and presently a comely young woman parishioner curtesied to them.

"A very fine looking young woman," commented the prelate. "Every man to his taste," replied the dean quick as a shot; "I prefer horse-flesh."

When he lived at Richmond Hill twenty years ago and was compelled to drive a great deal his love of horse flesh was famous. He always had a trotter that could give the dust to most of those encountered on the road, and in winter time when speeding was good on upper Yonge street it was his delight to try it out with the crack trotters from Toronto, whose owners loved in this fashion to wile away a winter's afternoon. On the other hand, he was a parish priest in the truest sense of the word, especially in his handling of the types of rough, ignorant, and contentious people with whom he had to deal. He looked after their financial affairs for them, protected them from those who would prey on their credulity, and altogether proved himself in a very real sense a friend and adviser as well as a spiritual guardian.

The new Domesday Book, which Mr. Herbert Gladstone says it will be necessary to prepare in connection with land taxation, will not be the first since William the Conqueror's great book (remarks the London Chronicle). What is frequently known as the Modern Domesday appeared in 1874 as a Parliamentary paper, under the title of "A Return of Owners of Land."

MISS SUTTON IN ACTION.
The lady tennis champion during her match with Mrs. Hannam at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

HE was hard at it when we arrived—I and the other fellow. Following the newspaper announcement, with its delightful promise of "messages and tests," we had little difficulty in finding the house on Victoria street where all these psychic marvels were to be witnessed for the small sum of ten cents. The Professor's name was on the door in transparent letters of lurid red, lit up by the solitary lamp back in the bare hallway. Directed by various clumsily pen-printed placards, we stumbled up two flights of stairs and found our way into the room where, as I said above, the Professor was hard at it.

There was a square-headed young man sitting at the door as guard over a small table, on which reposed a nickle-plated tray containing a number of small coins. The young man's features suggested that in his early youth his head had been placed upright in a hydraulic press and subjected to a very considerable pressure; but his expression was genial and even inviting. As there were two of us, I laid a quarter on the plate. I mention this, not as an instance of reckless generosity, but on account of what followed. Then we sat down, away up in front at the Professor's right hand, in full view of the assembled mystics.

As I have already remarked, he was hard at it—going strong, with a full head of steam on, and the spiritual machinery working beautifully. Just at the moment he was addressing a tight-lipped, prim-looking sort of woman, of about thirty-five, who seemed ready to give the spirit in the case a piece of her mind. But the Professor apparently took no note of those hostile evidences. He went right on, talking at full speed in an odd, disjointed manner, clipping off all sorts of fragmentary sentences, and all the time vigorously patting the corner of an old dresser, which formed with the chairs, the only article of furniture in the room. This was where the spirit, or the spirits, were located, and the Professor would address that old bureau with an air of affectionate familiarity that was rather uncanny.

"To you—to you—to you," he would repeat, "yes, yes, dearie—yes, yes, I understand—" and then turning to the woman, "I see her standing right beside you—a nice sweet old woman, with her hair parted in the middle"—the woman frowned in doubt at the parted hair—"oh, I may error about the hair—I see so quick, you know—just like a flash—but she pats you on the cheek—so loving like—and she says 'cheer up'—you understand I don't know anything about it—I just tell you what I see—and she smiles—'God bless you, dear,' she says—so nice!"

The Professor is a dried up little atomy of a man, in black semi-clerical attire. His long hair, brushed back off his forehead, is white, as are also the huge moustache and imperial which mask all his lower face. An enormous nose juts out of his countenance like the beak of a bird; and, as a matter of fact, there is nothing he reminds one of so much as a particularly old and particularly desiccated canary. And the illusion is heightened by his manner of hopping about continually, and chirping away at his unpremeditated little buncum. He was much more interesting than the trance-lecturer I visited a couple of weeks ago. He was just as much a fraud, and just as stupid and cheap a fraud, but he was, at least, a hard-working little faker, and his unceasing activity kept one amused. The other's maunderings were as tiresome as the confidences of a sentimental "jag."

The Professor clapped his hand to his head, and his face was twisted into what might have been a grin under the moustache and imperial, but was probably intended for an intensely spiritual expression.

"A vibration comes to me—" he said, "I am drawn—I am drawn—to the gentleman in the corner—will he please hold up his hand?—hurry up, sir, hurry up—I can't hold the spirit influences—they'd just tear me to pieces."

This was horrible, and the gentleman's hand shot up into the air. The Professor smiled at the effect he had produced. Then he started once more to pat the old dresser, as if it was the head of a loved child, and his light blue eyes seemed to gaze through the "gentleman in the corner" and out into space beyond. This, in spite of the fact that the gentleman in question was a burly individual, whose girth made such a feat seem difficult—at least, to unspiritual eyes.

"To you—to you—to you—" said the Professor to the spook in the dresser; "ah, yes—ah yes, comes to me the letter H—I see it over your head." This was to the gentleman in the corner.

"Does your name begin with H?"—the man shook his head. "Do you know anybody in the spirit life with that initial?" This was a large order, but the man still shook his head.

"Well, well!" said the Professor impatiently, "I can't do your understanding for you—I just tell you what the spirit says—the letter H is there—I see it just as plain as I see your face—think it over and you'll see the meaning."

The Professor had another try.

"I see a man back of you—a medium-sized man—perhaps he's the one with the initial H trying to get you—he has a dog—a reddish sort of dog—have you a dog?" The man shook his head in denial.

This certainly was trying, and the Professor sighed. "Haven't you a dog living?—or in the spirit life?"

Still nothing doing. The Professor took refuge in generalities.

"Well, he puts his hand on your shoulder—and he says not to be so careless—do you understand?" Strange to say, the man intimated that he thought he did. The Professor immediately retreated in good order.

His eyes wandered about the room. Suddenly his hand went up to his forehead again, and he tried to look as much like an inspired psychic as was possible for a man of his inches and architecture.

"I am drawn—I am drawn—" this time it was to a nervous-looking woman, of countrified appearance. Her hand went up in evident fear and hesitation. What horrible and awesome things might he not reveal!

The Professor repeated the "to you—to you" performance, and then announced that he saw an elderly man standing back of the woman. Did she know any elderly man in the spirit life?

"It must be my father," was the reply in an awe-struck tone.

"Of course—of course," cried the Professor gleefully, "I knew it at once."

He patted the corner of the old dresser in triumph. He had struck a good line and must improve it.

"Your father lived in a countrified place, didn't he?" This was a safe lead. The woman said he had.

"I knew it—I knew it—because I saw a horse and cart just as plain as my hand—and the spirit was saying 'git-ap!'"

This was certainly going some for a spook, and suggested little of the pink-cloud-and-gold-harp repose, in which happy spirits are popularly supposed to while away the flitting hours. These spooks of the Professor's were a most democratic lot—brought along their dogs and their shawls, and one even had a grindstone, which the Professor regarded with some justice as an indication of mechanic pursuits. There was a little girl ghost, too, who came to a sad looking woman in black.

"Such a nice little girl," chirped the Professor, "with small features—pretty little red mouth."

The beauty of the Professor's descriptions was their impressionistic lack of definition. But he explained this on the ground that the "vibrations" were so strong, it would be dangerous to stop them for a close examination.

"I have to see so quick," he said; "just like a wink—here he comes, there he goes—I can't stop—they'd tear me to pieces—more goes through my head in a minute than through a clock."

The metaphor was a trifle mixed, but the meaning was clear. Thus when the Professor started out, he generally saw a name first—a good simple old name like Mary Ann, or John—none of your Clarences or Percivals or Gwendolines among his spiritual acquaintances. And then he would ask the person for whom the message was sent, if it was their name, or the name of anyone they knew in the spirit-life, or the name of anyone they knew here below. Needless to say, he generally made some sort of connection. But if everything failed, there was always the explanation—"I can only tell you what the

spirit says—think it over—you will understand all right." And then the Professor would be drawn somewhere else.

Everybody got a message—even the frost-bitten person of spinster-like appearance, whom the Professor assured that he saw the word "Love" written over her head in red letters. She simpered modestly and toyed with the top of her umbrella. But she lost all interest and looked bored when he spoke of the spirit "placing *her* arm about your neck." It was of the nature of an anti-climax.

There were about thirty people in the room, and they all heard with more or less reverence and marks of earnest belief, messages from the Great Beyond. As evidences of good faith, the spooks brought along all sorts of things, from armfuls of roses to row-boats. They also brought good advice. It was usually of the vaguest and most indefinite character, such as "not to worry," or to "be a little more careful"—with no mention whatever of the things to worry about or to be careful over. Once or twice, however, it took a more precise form, and one man was advised to sell a piece of property. But the Professor was careful to take no responsibility.

"I am not giving you that advice," he warned the man, "it is the spirit that gives it—do as you like about it—I am not responsible."

One or two of those present seemed to receive the Professor's alleged messages with a touch of levity. But on the whole, the attitude of the "messagees" was reverent and deeply impressed. They gazed at the mummified Professor with considerable awe, and would sometimes look nervously over their shoulders as he described the spooks who were standing behind them. They seemed to be a better class of people than attended the trance-lecture of two weeks ago, and there was even one man there with a frock coat and an air of aldermanic complacency. He was visited by a ghost with a scar, but the Professor couldn't say whether the scar was on the spook's forehead or down in its back hair. This was probably due to the transparency of the ghost making it difficult to tell the front from the rear.

As everyone got a message, myself and my friend—oh, he was a man—naturally got ours. His was quite simple. In his case the name of the visiting spook was

In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition: "The Hunter's Moon."
By Mary H. Reid, A.R.C.A.

"William—Willie—or Bill," reminding one of that classic ditty, "Mother calls me William."

He recognized it immediately—told the Professor he thought it was a dear friend of his who had died not long before. The Professor was duly gratified.

"And now I see a brown overcoat," he said.

"I have one at home—and I'm very much attached to it—my poor friend used to like to see me in it," was the reply.

"Well, well, now; think of that," cried the seer, turning to the rest of the congregation. "I can see that spirit placing that brown overcoat tenderly on this man's shoulders—just like I see you."

There was a murmur of applause. The Professor thought he had better retire in the midst of such a triumph.

"I wanted to see what he'd say," was my friend's unblushing excuse afterwards for his unabashed mendacity.

The Professor was drawn to me in due course.

"A vibration comes to me," he said, "of a large body of water—do you live near water?"

"Nope!" I didn't see that residence in Toronto could very well come under this description.

"Do any of your family live near a body of water?"

"Nope!"

"Well, then, do you know anyone in the spirit world who used to live near water?" The Professor was really going to be quite cross in a minute.

"Nope!"

The Professor adopted a new line.

"I look at your knees," he said. Immediately I and everyone else in the room did. It was decidedly embarrassing.

"I look at your knees," he repeated, "and I see a dog rubbing against them." It was with difficulty that I repressed a desire to kick.

"It is a large dog—a black dog with a woolly back—and a white stomach—have you a dog like that?"

I have no dog like that, have never had one, don't intend to have one, and I intimated that I wouldn't be found dead with a dog of that description. The Professor regarded me with obvious pity.

"Well, of course, if you can't understand what the spirits mean—I can only do my duty by you and tell you what they show me—go home and think it over—don't worry your brain too much—just think it over quietly—and some day you'll find out."

Everybody began to look at me as though I were an inmate of a harmless ward out on a vacation with a keeper. The position became unbearable. We left. As I passed the door-keeper he grasped my coat and pressed something into my hand. It was a five-cent piece.

"It's only ten cents each," he whispered hoarsely, "you gave me five too much."

I took it in blank astonishment. But I have since come to the conclusion that I got the rebate because I didn't get the right dog.

P. D.

The London omnibus is now eighty years old. It was on July 4, 1829, that George Shillibeer, after being successively a midshipman in the British navy and a coach builder in Paris, placed on the London streets the first two omnibuses ever seen in England. A large crowd assembled to witness the start and general admiration was expressed at the smart appearance of the vehicles, which were built to carry twenty-two passengers, all inside, and were drawn by three beautiful bays, harnessed abreast. The word "Omnibus" was painted in large letters on both sides of the vehicles. The fare from the "Yorkshire Stingo" to the Bank was 1s.; half way, 6d. Newspapers and magazines were provided free of charge.

In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition: "Battleship Indomitable Leaving Quebec."
By McG. Knowles, R.C.A.

TORONTO'S GREAT ANNUAL FAIR

ONE of the great annual features in the life of the Province and also of the Dominion is the Toronto Exhibition. Whereas other countries hold at wide intervals and in honor of some special event or anniversary great displays which are dubbed "world's fairs," and which on account of their infrequency and irregularity have little influence on national life; Canada has in the Toronto Exhibition a great national fair, which is the result of years of development and which therefore has all the characteristics of a national event. It is as unique a feature as the great fair of Nijni-Novgorod, which is typically Russian, just as this is typically Canadian. They are both merely the perfection of the ordinary county fair, and this gives them all their beauty and their value.

The thirty-first season of the great Exhibition is now in full swing, and everything would seem to indicate that this year is to mark a step farther in advance, as every past year has done. In fact, the growth of the Exhibition becomes more remarkable with every time it is held. There are no signs that it has yet arrived at anything like its full growth. On the contrary, everything seems to point to its continual development into the greatest annual fair in the world, a position it even now is not far from occupying. It is already the second largest institution of the kind on earth, and it begins to be doubtful if even the great fair at Nijni-Novgorod surpasses it materially.

But mere size is not everything. Even if there were many fairs surpassing in extent the Toronto Exhibition, this would not lessen its great national value. It would still serve as the great meeting place of Canadians from all parts of the Dominion. It would still bring them together as nothing else can do; and it would still make them acquainted with one another and with distant parts of their country in the best possible way—that is, through their productions. This is the great value of such an institution as the Toronto Exposition, and this is why Canadians of every province unite in "booming" it. They all realize that the Fair has grown beyond mere local restrictions, and that it is in every sense a national event.

This year everything has begun very auspiciously. The Exhibition was opened by one of the ablest and best liked men in all the British Empire, Admiral Lord Charles Beresford—"Condor Charlie"—and the enthusiasm of his reception has made abundantly clear the high esteem in which he is held by the Canadian people for his services to the cause of Imperial defence. His speech in opening the Exhibition was a notable plea for the maintenance of the naval supremacy of the Empire; and it showed the great admiral's appreciation of the national importance of the occasion. Altogether, no better choice could have been made for the opening of the Exhibition, and no one could have done the work with greater dignity and impressiveness than the famous sailor, who is at once a great fighter, a statesman, and a very prince of good fellows.

It is still rather early to say much about the attendance at the Exhibition, as the great "gates" always come in the second week. But one glance at Yonge or King street at any hour of the day or night is enough to show that the city is rapidly filling up with visitors to the Fair. The Exhibition grounds, too, large as they are, show that this year is likely to break all records for attendance. And certainly the Fair deserves that all such records should be broken, for it is bigger and better than ever before, and more worthy than ever to be known as the Canadian National Exhibition.

In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition: "Hamlet, the Play Scene." By E. A. Abbey, R.A.

In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition: "The Twins." By Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

An Artist and His Work.

WHENEVER the fathers of the City of Toronto have an August Personage to receive and entertain, or a feudal devoir to extend to an Imperial Consol or to Royalty across the seas with its capital R, they very wisely seek in perhaps the happiest of their efforts the aid and allegiance of Art. Sometimes these well-meant endeavors miscarry, but for the last thirty years they have never been open to vital objection when Mr. A. H. Howard, R.C.A., has been entrusted with that branch of the ceremonious preparation which he has made so genuinely worthy and so peculiarly his own. The Illuminated Address is a fortunate survival of the mediæval period before typewriting was dreamed about in even the most advanced monasteries; when script was laboriously produced with a quill pen, and monks in stone cells poured forth their pent souls in elaboration of initial letters, paragraph ornaments and marginal complications of primitive design.

Just as modern painting has developed the simplicities and far surpassed the old crudities of the middle ages—whatever pedants and academic critics may say to the contrary—so modern illumination and allegorical design has broadened, matured and blossomed into subtleties of complex and refined beauty besides which the best examples of the ancient monks seem but as they are—mediæval. These remarks are called forth by the fact that the present week has seen two fine examples of Mr. Howard's work presented on behalf of the corporation of the city of Toronto and the Association of Canada's Industrial Exhibition, respectively, to that fine old sea dog and foremost naval representative of the Empire, Lord Charles Beresford.

For fully thirty years Mr. Howard has been evolving beautiful conceptions out of formal resolutions and polite expression of loyalty and respect in behalf of the citizens of Toronto and representative bodies included among her people. All of the Governors-General from the Marquis of Lorne down to Lord Minto and the present tactful and justly popular vice-regent, Earl Grey, have borne away gilded compliments from the hand of the same artist, each one absolutely a fresh conception, each one a thoughtful and sincere work of art. In England there must exist by now material for a considerable library of such volumes if the time ever came when for any possible reason they should be gathered together. The late Queen Victoria possessed one or more, King Edward owns at least one, Queen Alexandra another, the Prince of Wales another, the Aberdeens received several, and appreciate them, too, as we have good reason to know.

The address to Lord Beresford presented on Tuesday last by the Exhibition Association is a noteworthy example of Mr. Howard's symbolical treatment of the text and an especially beautiful specimen of colored elaboration and enrichment. It consists of a book of six pages of thick vellum bound in genuine morocco in which is embossed and inlaid his lordship's coat of arms. The first page bears the superscription in quaint lettering, with the coat of arms and the two crests richly emblazoned. The address proper follows on the remaining pages written in the old Black Face lettering of the Teutons, embroidered with tracery and inventive symbolic devices suggestive of the sea, of Empire and of the deals of Industry and of the National Exhibition of the Canadian people. One gathers from the press reports that Condor Charley, bluff old war dog of the sea though he may be, possesses a fine taste in the ancient gentle art of Illumined Design as exemplified in the work of a master of the most modern school, both in methods and in temperament.

The Visit of Admiral Beresford: "Condor Charlie" is seen delivering an address at the unveiling of the tablet to the memory of J. J. Withrow, founder of the Exhibition in 1879; Manager J. J. Hill and the pioneer Board of Directors. On the left is Mr. George Gooderham, M.L.A., President of the Exhibition. Mr. W. K. McNaught and Mayor Oliver are also seen.

Didn't Know We Had Elections.

THE ignorance of many Americans, especially Western Americans, of everything geographical, historical, and political except those things which pertain to the United States is proverbial, although conditions are improving somewhat of late years when there has been a large summer influx. Last autumn a Kansas journalist was travelling in Canada. It may have been William Allen White, who thinks that St. Mark's, Venice, looks like a junk-shop, but the deponent who is a prominent railroad official sayeth not. He was told that the general elections were on.

"Why," said he in surprise, "I did not know you had elections. I thought all your officials were appointed from England."

"That does not surprise me," responded the official. "Precisely the same remark was made to me a few years ago by a judge of the state of Illinois."

Mr. Stead for Chautauqua.

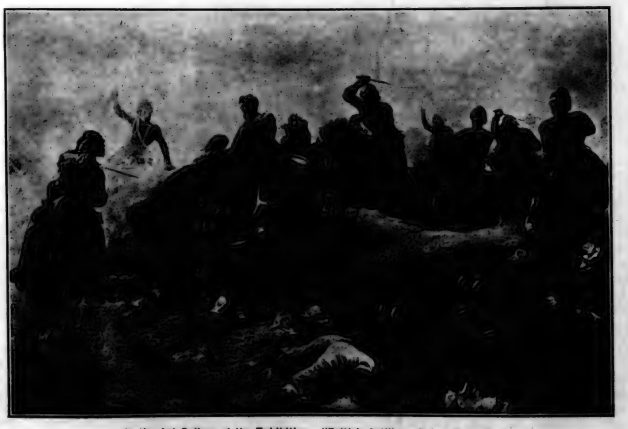
THESE extracts from an editorial article in Harper's Weekly are interesting:

The Chautauqua lecture bureau ought to get Mr. W. T. Stead over to talk from their platform to the eager thousands of seekers after novelties in thought and knowledge. Of course, they have thought of it, but perhaps they fear to over-stimulate the American mind. Mr. Stead disbands more unexpected, quivering, and pulverizing thoughts than anybody. He beats even Brother Sam McClure. He is a natural Chautauqua orator, born to the job as the birds and the Brothers Wright to fly. For lack of access to the Chautauqua aeroplane he continues to do the best he can at home. It is pretty good, too. He did well years ago when the British atmosphere was conservative, and now that it is so remarkably emotional he does even better.

Brother Stead says that the old order ends with the aeroplane and the air-ship. As the decade before the introduction of gunpowder was probably a time of particularly brisk business for the armorers, so Mr. Stead sees in the current activity in building Dreadnoughts the last convulsive burst of energy in a trade that is about to become extinct. War, he says, cannot go on. The powers that are now becoming available promise to hold possibilities of destruction so enormous that their use will be incompatible with the existence of nations, the progress of civilization, and the very continuance of human life.

It will be seen that Brother Stead is all worked up. It is not for us to say that he sees things that are not, or that matters are not coming along about as he forecasts. These are interesting times, and there are a lot of possibilities knocking about, which, if they develop about as expected, will contain very interesting capacities to raise hob. As much as we dare say is that Brother Stead ought to move on Chautauqua at once. And if he won't move voluntarily, he ought to be fetched, with the assistance of the British authorities. Chautauqua can stand him a great deal better than London can, for London has nerves, and Chautauqua has had good crops and can stand anything. It would do Chautauqua good to think about the perils of London and all the Europeans, and we suspect it would do London good to think for a time about something else. Our good transatlantic cousins will have a serious case of rattles if they are stirred up much more just now, and will be in danger of perishing from palpitation of the heart before anything drops on them.

Do not despair, England; do not despair! There are many hearts on this continent below the Canada line that beat with something more than disinterested tolerance for you. If things should go as ill with you as your Cassandras and Jeremiahs affect to foresee, you would not sink without wide and penetrating agitation in these parts. How we could fight for you it is hard to conceive, but we would mutter a lot, and we would surely intervene, and if things got thicker still, we could not, could not, sit entirely tight. We might not send a ship, nor an armed man, but one thing we might do—by George! we'd lend you Teddy!



In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition: "British Artillery, Tel-el-Kebir." By John Charlton, R.B.A.

EVERY now and then a silly jingle is started in some newspaper and goes the rounds of the press, with additions from every paper that publishes it. The latest to go the rounds is one from the facile pen of Oliver Herford. It and some of those which followed it are here given:

My sense of sight is very keen,
My sense of hearing weak.
One time I saw a mountain pass,
But could not hear its peak.
—Oliver Herford.

Why, Ollie, that you failed in this
Is not so very queer,
To hear its peak you should, you know,
Have had a mountaineer.
—Boston Transcript.

But if I saw a mountain pass,
My eye I'd never drop;
I keep it turned upon the height,
And see the mountain's top.
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The mountain, peaked at this,
Frowned dark while Ollie guyed;
A cloud o'erspread its lofty brow,
And then the mountain side.
—Transcript.

SATURDAY NIGHT wishes to contribute its mite of folly:

The mountain heard the jingling wits
And caught the answering roar;
"That vein is low-grade stuff," it said,
"To make a mountain's ore."

In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition: "Mount Robson, from Yellow Head Pass, on the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, the highest peak in Canada." By G. Horne Russell.

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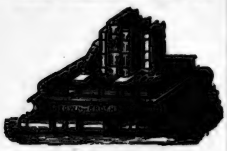

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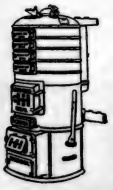

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Catching a Car

It is the aim of Saturday Night not to be too local in character. The following bright article from a New York newspaper is, however, reproduced entirely for the benefit of Torontonians and Exhibition visitors in the city. The Toronto citizen who reads it may feel either sympathetic with New Yorkers or sorry for them according to his own experiences, pleasant or the reverse, with the street railway system here. Visitors who may be inclined to inveigh against the white-post-stop scheme and other peculiarities of our trolley service may learn by reading the article that the ways of street cars are peculiar in other cities as well as this. Here is the way they perform in New York:

Inhabitants of other cities take a car; New Yorkers catch one. The other day in a pelting rain a woman took a chance at catching a Broadway car at Canal street. Guided by that sense, psychic and subtle, which New Yorkers soon develop, she decided that the motorman looked as if he might prefer to stop at the upper corner.

With a finely dramatic flourish of his hand and a broad grin he waved her to the corner below. "Ah, Broadway motorman prefer the lower corner," the woman said to herself and she shifted her position. Another car charged down the street with well marked symptoms of stopping on the upper corner, which it did, but before the woman could sprint back to it the motorman drove triumphantly past, leaving her in the middle of the concourse flowing westward along Canal street.

Quite willing to compromise in order to get on her way and trusting that a middle course might prevail, the woman stood valiantly, because fearfully, in the middle of the crossway, prepared to spring to either upper or lower corner, as best pleased the next motorman; but the third downtown car scorned to stop at Canal street at all. However, her fourth attempt was successful.

Then she set herself to study the system followed by the motormen in making stops, and she formulated the following rules, which she hopes will be of service to other women who want to catch cars in a hurry.

All Broadway cars stop on either the upper or the lower corner, according to the whim of the motorman. Second avenue cars stop on the corner where you aren't. Fourth and Madison avenue cars stop obligingly on either corner—if the motorman likes you.

Twenty-third street and Fourteenth street green cars on signal rarely stop at all, but if diplomatically and discreetly let alone they may stop on both corners, anywhere from 100 to 250 feet beyond where you are.

Third avenue uptown cars usually stop on the lower corner, while all downtown cars of this line stop on the corner where you aren't. Forty-second street red and yellow crosstowns, doubtless emulating one of their perpendicular rivals, the Lexington avenue line, punctiliously stop in the middle of the block and wait for you to run and catch them. Upon your near approach the motormen grin and go on without you.

All Sixth avenue cars stop on the lower corner, if this chances to suit the mood of the conductor, while you may always be reasonably sure of stopping any Eighth avenue car on all upper corners, provided, of course, you hail it from the lower.

All the Eighth street crosstown stops are optional with the motormen. Ninth avenue cars, doubtless owing to heavy competition with their adjacent rivals on the west, the Belt line, stop on all corners—when not signalled. The habitual emptiness and consequent desirability of Seventh avenue cars is probably satisfactorily explained by the fact that they are never seen to stop at all.

In general terms then all yellow cars in New York, following the law of things yellow, stop at their own convenience, and not their patrons'. All green cars stop on the corner where you aren't, while any car of any color on any line stops wherever you signal it—if the motorman likes you.

Purely Local.

Most American humorists have not been widely famous because they have failed to create humor independent of local conditions not found and realized elsewhere.—Mark Twain.

To this observation Life makes the following response:

Aristophanes dealt with local conditions. They were conditions peculiar to the Grecian state. His jibes at Cleon and Euripides and his trenchant hits at the war party were all local.

Rabelais dealt with the local conditions of his age. His book is an intensely humorous allegorical description of what was going on under his nose.

Cervantes dealt, in chivalry, with local conditions or with conditions peculiar to his age.

Chaucer was local.

The humor around the grave of Hamlet in Bacon's play of that name (or was it Shakespeare?) was local.

Falstaff and Prince Hal, though possessing universal characteristics, were local.

Mark Twain wrote the Jumping Frog of Calveras County, so careful to make the conditions local that he actually named the place. He wrote about Tom Sawyer and the Mississippi. His book, "Innocents Abroad," was local in the sense that it dealt with local characters.

If Mark Twain should argue, in reply to this, that he and the others mentioned selected only those local conditions that are really universal to human nature, the answer is that all local conditions are this.

Anything that anyone chooses to write about is not isolated. It cannot be in the nature of things.

No. The reason why Mark Twain has a bigger reputation than other American humorists is because he turns—or has turned—out a better grade of humor. It doesn't make so much difference what a man writes about, as how he writes it. You can write about anything, if you only know how, and it will go. Hesiod took the Frogs and the Mice. Cowper took a sofa. Shakespeare (or was it Bacon?) took stories already written and rewrote them.

Everything has been written about already. Why do we eagerly await, therefore, what the next man has to say? Not because of the subject, but the man. The best art is only personality.

Some ask if Mark Twain will live. Posterity is unreliable. He has played some queer tricks on really deserving folk.

The Vision-Days.

We dwelt within a house of pearl
In those old days of wondering joy—
You were the golden wide-eyed girl,
I was the silent, lonely boy.

To what far country have they passed,
Those things we dreamed, so sweet and strange—
Far sea-caught morns that might not last,
Fresh winds of dawning, doomed to change?

I wove your tresses with the wind
And filled your eyes with sunrise gleam.
A voiceless longing made me blind
(For children dream as poets dream). . . .

Often I wish to stand once more,
Not yet made wise, beside that sea
Whose silver waters wash no shore,
But islanded with phantasy—

Where all the air was living gold
Out to the far horizon's haze,
Toward which the vision-ships of old
Bore off our fading vision-days.

I think you sometimes now must go
In secret to that distant place
Where still they bloom—to-day their glow
Was tender in your lifted face.

—Arthur Davison Ficke, in Scribner's.

When Rothschild Held Up the Bank of England.

The great Bank of England was once brought face to face with the terrible possibility of having to close its doors, all on account of a "gold run" by one man, relates Harper's Weekly. The incident is one of the most peculiar and interesting in the annals of business.

A bill for a large sum drawn by Anselm Rothschild, of Frankfort, on Nathan Rothschild, of London, was presented for discount. The bank made the reply that they "discounted only their own bills, not those of private persons." "Private persons!" exclaimed Nathan Rothschild, in a rage, when the facts were reported to him. "I'll make these gentlemen understand what sort of 'private persons' we are!"

Three weeks later Nathan Rothschild presented himself at the bank at the opening hour. From his pocket he took a five-pound Bank of England note and demanded the gold for which it called. Each of the gold coins—sovereigns—he examined carefully, then dropped them into a small canvas bag. Another and another bank-note he produced, one at a time, never varying the minute examination of the coins received in exchange. Sometimes he even forced the teller to weigh the coins—"as he had a legal right to do," he remarked. When his first bag was full he passed it to a clerk, who supplied him with another and a fresh batch of notes. All day long he stood at the paying window and received gold in exchange for his notes, and by the closing hour had drawn £21,000. This would have amounted to nothing, and people would merely have laughed at the foolishness of the baron; but it developed later that he had posted nine employes at the various paying windows, one at each, and each clerk had followed his example. The Rothschild house drew out altogether £210,000 in gold, or $1,050,000, and they had kept the bank tellers so occupied in the process that no other person had been able to draw one cent or change a single note.

But, although considerable inconvenience had been occasioned to business men and a great deal of trouble to the bank, every one was still disposed to regard it as a good joke—until they found Baron Rothschild present at the opening of the bank the following morning flanked by his nine clerks and with a number of wagons waiting in the street, the latter being intended to cart away the gold drawn.

Some business men then ventured to expostulate with the baron.

"These gentlemen refused to accept my note," he replied; "I do not care to keep theirs. I will present such as I have—in my own way," he added, as he calmly laid down a £5 note, examined the coins received, and deposited them in his bag. "I have about £11,000,000 of their notes, I believe," he added, casually, as he placed another £5 note on the counter.

The bank officials were on the verge of panic when this remark was hastily brought to their knowledge. Where were they to obtain £11,000,000, $55,000,000 in gold, to meet this drain? And at the rate at which it was being drawn it would occupy the bank's entire force for two months.

There was nothing for it but peace on any terms, and the next morning a notice appeared in every paper printed in London announcing that thenceforth the Bank of England would pay Rothschild's bills the same as Bank-of-England notes. Whereupon Baron Rothschild smiled and ceased to present notes for redemption.

It is dangerous just now in Switzerland to whistle "Die Wacht am Rhein," or to order sauerkraut at a hotel, or show any Teutonic leanings whatsoever, for the German star is at present in eclipse in the Alpine Republic. It happened that the Swiss government was anxious to sell some 150,000 obsolete rifles to one of the South-American countries, which find it wisest not to arm their soldiers with too accurate weapons. At any rate, a Berlin firm intervened and proffered to purchase every rifle the descendants of William Tell could spare for a good round sum, agreeing to forfeit $6,000 if the deal didn't materialize. As it did not, the German firm paid the forfeit, and the Swiss government, chuckling over the nice haul it had made "on the side," resumed negotiations with their South American friends—only to find that, having choked off a dangerous competitor, the Germans had promptly unloaded a large stock of unmarketable rifles at a very good price on the arms-buying South Americans.

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Mrs. Gudethyng—Why did you have to leave the army? Wayward Cuffdrop—Well, you see, I was in the hospital most of the time; the food was too rich for me. I was used to living in a boarding-house.—New York Globe.

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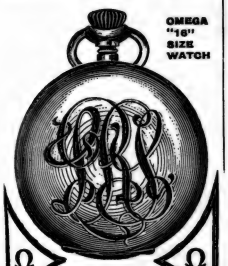

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THE NIAGARA TENNIS TOURNAMENT.
A view of the Court at Niagara-on-the-Lake while Miss Sutton and Mrs. Hannam played for the championship. Mrs. Hannam is seen serving from the farther Court.

THE Niagara tennis tournament has come and gone and people are now taking stock of its results. So far as its general success is concerned, there can be but one opinion. The quality of tennis played was unusually high, the weather conditions were almost perfect, in spite of threatened storms once or twice, the attendance at the matches was large and very appreciative, and the various contests were conducted in harmony and general good feeling. So far as Canadians particularly are concerned, there is hardly less cause for congratulating. It is true that Miss Sutton successfully defended her title against the Canadian champion, Mrs. Hannam, and that Nat Niles, the American, also retained the international championship. But Canadians had no real expectations of getting the second title, and while they hoped much of Mrs. Hannam, there was little confidence in her ability to beat the Californian champion. But the Canadian players—largely through Mrs. Hannam's excellent work—won both the ladies' international doubles and the international mixed doubles. They also made a very good showing in all the events, and have every reason to be satisfied with their work, which was of a much higher average than other years. Altogether the tournament showed that the game of tennis is reaching better and better development in this country, and the time may not be far distant when Canada may produce players of the mettle of Norman Brookes and William Larned, or even the hitherto unequalled Dohertys.

With regard to the match between Mrs. Hannam and Miss Sutton, in which most of the local interest centred, there can be no doubt that the American girl showed a decisve superiority. The score is quite sufficient evidence of that. But there is also little doubt that Mrs. Hannam was not playing her usually safe as well as brilliant game. She continually put the ball out of bounds or into the net and even served many doubles. This showed quite a reversal of form from her games for the Canadian championship, and would indicate that she was suffering from nervousness. Of course, it is notoriously easy to make excuses for the loser of any game, from love to war and politics, but Mrs. Hannam plays a beautiful game of tennis, and it is to be hoped that in her future meetings with Miss Sutton she will be in better form.

* * *

THE lacrosse situation is just now taking up a lot of the leisure thought of athletic young Canada. Everyone has his eyes on the Shamrocks, as the leaders of the league, and the Torontos, as the most likely aspirants for the position. The whole question now is whether or not the Shamrocks can play their remaining matches without a defeat. If they can, then the whole matter is decided and the championship is theirs. But if they lose a game, as all Toronto is praying that they will, then the Torontos have a mighty good chance—in fact, it now seems hardly too much to say that the Torontos have the championship "cinched." For the Scarboro team is putting up great lacrosse just now, quite the best lacrosse in the league, and if they can once meet the leaders on an equal footing, the betting is decidedly in their favor. The match with Montreal on the M.A.A.A. grounds on September the 18th is likely to be the great test for the Shamrocks, who should win the other two matches on form. But there's many a slip, and the Torontos are a team to take advantage of any that occur.

* * *

THE first great aviation contest has now become part, and an epoch-making part at that, of the history of sport. It has demonstrated as nothing else has done the possibilities of the new vehicle of modern man, the aeroplane; and the people of the earth have awakened to the discovery of a new sport, the most enthralling and most exhilarating and most dangerous game in the world to-day. There is nothing that can even distantly approach it for its wild exhilaration and for the totally new sensations that it affords. And this is only the beginning. Soon it will be taken out of the hands of the professional aviator and will become more and more popularized. Even now the amateur is getting into the game, and there are thousands of men who would consider neither the danger nor the expense in their desire for a new thrill. Such feats as those performed at Rheims by Farman and Curtiss and Paulhan show what the aeroplane can do, and soon there will be thousands doing the same.

* * *

QUITE a little interest is taken in this city in the racing of pigeons. There are two associations, the Dominion and the Western Messenger Pigeon Association, the former having about thirty members and the latter ten. But though there are only forty members who race their birds, the fanciers number at least a couple of hundred. The races generally take place on Saturdays, and the birds are shipped the day before so as to be at the starting-point in time for the race. The course runs from one hundred to five hundred miles. Every precaution is taken to prevent the races being "fixed," and experts say that they are generally very fairly conducted. But, of course, the race is not always to the swift, for pigeons are apt to become the victims of mischance while winging their flight to the home-loft. They may be shot, or their wings may give out, or they may get lost, or hawks may capture them. But this is all in the day's work, and the racer of pigeons must take his risks as well as the next. Altogether there is a singular fascination in this sport, which takes advantage of the marvellous instinct of the homing pigeon, and its popularity is said to be on the increase in this city.

NAT NILES,
The winner of the international Singles at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

* * *

FREAK performances, whether athletic or otherwise, always evoke considerable interest. In a recent issue, Tit-Bits gives a list of some rather unusual performances. Readers who play tennis, it says, will fully realize that the match which took place at Prince's a few weeks ago between Mr. A. R. Hamilton and Captain R. K. Price was no mean test of skill and endurance. The conditions were that a set of tennis, a game of racquets, and a game of squash racquets should be played consecutively, going from one court to the other. Captain Price, who gave his opponent points, just winning by three points.

This, however, is but one of many curious sporting contests which have taken place of late years. Two years ago a London athlete, starting from just above Hammersmith Bridge, rode a mile, then swam a mile, and, landing at Putney, ran a mile on the promenade. Following this he did a mile walk, and concluded with a mile cycle ride—all within an hour.

This feat reminds one of that accomplished by another London athlete a few years ago. While staying at Hampton Wick, near Kingston-on-Thames, he walked a quarter of a mile, rode a horse for a quarter of a mile, swam a quarter of a mile, ran a quarter of a mile, rode a bicycle for a quarter of a mile, and finished up by rowing a boat for a quarter of a mile—all in the space of 18 min. 33s sec.

Our grandfathers were rather fond of indulging in these novel tests of endurance, and when, many years ago, a man ran a mile, walked a mile, wheeled a barrow, trundled a hoop, and hopped on one leg, all the same distance, in two minutes under the hour, an epidemic of curious athletic feats sprang up amongst them, in the same way that we have been bitten lately with the craze for Marathons and London to Brighton walks.

Perhaps one of the most amazing feats was that of a famous pedestrian of the forties, named Cootes, who backed himself to leap a hundred hurdles in a six-mile race against a jockey on a hunter. The horse was beaten, and Cootes jumped his hundredth hurdle in the forty-second minute, the time limit being set at fifty.

Mention of the Brighton walk recalls an extraordinary pedestrian performance of some Oxford undergraduates, four years ago, who walked from Oxford to Reading, a distance of twenty-nine miles, at midnight, in evening dress and court slippers, after a day of heavy driving rain. Various "modest fivers" were laid that they would not do the journey within eight hours. But the undergraduates won, with twenty minutes to spare, although they were thoroughly done up and terribly footsore when they reached Reading.

This performance, however, is by no means so remarkable as that of Lord Kennedy, who years ago walked on foot from Inverness to Black Hall, in Kincardineshire, and, by striking straight across the Grampians, arrived four hours before Sir Andrew Leith Hay, who took the coach road, and who had laid a wager of £2,500 that he would be first. The journey occupied thirty-three hours.

No one is more fond of novel sporting matches than the London costermonger. Some years ago one backed himself to walk from Covent Garden to Hampstead Heath Station and back on stilts, against an opponent carrying a sack of potatoes. And he won.

Some time before this a Chelsea fish-hawker, carrying half a hundredweight of fish on his head, ran seven miles along the Brentford road from Hyde Park Corner in forty-five minutes, and an orange-porter won a bet of 10 guineas by carrying a hundredweight of oranges twenty times between Botolph Lane and Spitalfields Market in one hour and twenty-five minutes less than the ten hours specified in the wager.

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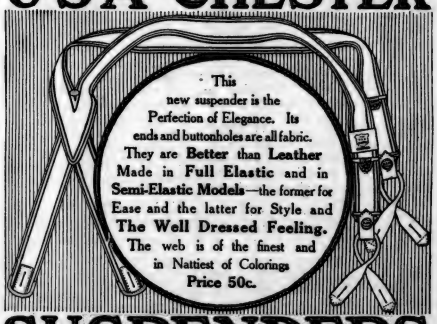

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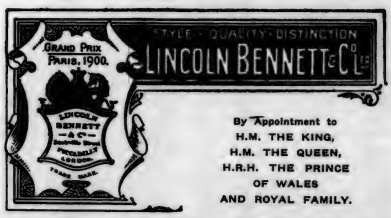

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THE DRAMA

GRACE HAZARD,
In "The Parisian Model."

THERE was very little Hamlet, and a great deal of Eddie Foy and everyone seemed satisfied with the exchange. People refuse to be melancholy with the Dane or anyone else at this season of the year; and, therefore, they have been packing the Royal Alexandra all week to witness the mirthful vagaries of the lanky comedian with the crooked smile and the cracked voice. And he was funny. He is always funny. This is due principally to his being Eddie Foy—and being Eddie Foy all the time. Some people have objected to him on that account. They say that his tricks and little mannerisms are always the same. According to them it doesn't make any difference whether he is playing Bluebeard or Hamlet, he is the same old Eddie, who cocks his head and his eye at just the same angle, gives his hand the same little twist from the wrist, pitches his voice at the same absurd note, and always walks with that old familiar mincing gait. And all this is perfectly true. The only difference is in the way you look at it. Some people don't like the old familiar gestures and tricks of voice and expression. But then think of the thousands—among whom I count myself—who greet the crooked smile and the cracked voice and the horizontal hand and the walk and all the ludicrous rest of it, as so many jovial old friends, whose welcome grows ever the heartier. To such people as these Eddie Foy is Eddie Foy, and they would not for worlds have him any different from what he is. He occupies his own unique position, just as De Wolf Hopper has his, and Jimmy Powers his, and the other great comedians each his own. Who are little carping critics that they should seek to meddle with the classics—the uproarious classics of fun.

As for "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway" well, who cares for the play any way? Eddie Foy is the thing. There is also a chorus, a sure-nuff harvest of good looks and ginger. And they impress the fact on you right from the start. In fact, there is one point—a sort of sailor's hornpipe chorus—where the impression is little short of overwhelming, its size being in inverse proportion to that of the costumes, which are nothing to speak of. So we won't.

* * *

THERE is one aspect in which the art of George Cohan deserves more serious consideration, than is generally paid to such more or less ephemeral productions as he has put forth. And that is the absolute Americanism of it. Its tone is always that of the Eastern States of the Union, with a preponderating flavor of the Great White Way. Its language is American—"Amurrican" in fact—its attitude towards life is essentially American in its incessant flash and hustle, its love of change and noise for the sake of noise and change; and its ethics are invariably those of the average citizen of the United States, full of a cheap, commonplace optimism. His plays are the sentimental apotheosis of tawdry emotions. But in spite of all this—perhaps because of it—he manages to strike a genuine racial note; and it is this which explains the meteoric rise of the quondam vaudeville performer to a high place in the tinsel heaven of stageland and in the hearts of his countrymen, most of whom would rank him far above such sombre luminaries as Ibsen or Sudermann.

"The Talk of New York," now playing at the Princess, is a typical Cohan production. It has all the swing and go, and also all the tawdry sentimentality and cheap artifice, which are characteristic of its class. Therefore, it is very popular, and is a very amusing "show"— the word fits it as though made for it and all the other Cohanesques. Victor Moore, too, seems actually intended by a beneficient Providence for the interpretation of Cohanism. His perfect suitability to his role is almost uncanny. The other characters are also a good fit. Altogether, it is an excellent entertainment. Toronto enjoyed it last season, and shows every inclination to go right on enjoying it.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Princess—"The Parisian Model."

Royal Alexandra—"The Man from Home."

Grand—"The Burgomaster."

Shea's—Vaudeville.

Gayety—"The Hastings Show."

THE musical comedy which will hold the boards at the Princess next week has already been seen in Toronto, and therefore needs no lengthy introduction. This time the part of the Model is interpreted by Miss Grace Hazard, who joined the company direct from her vaudeville tours in Europe and America. Patrons of this musical comedy will be treated to a decided novelty when Miss Hazard introduces during the action of the play her well-known vaudeville act, and adds her new bagpipe specialty to her medley of songs and dances. While in Scotland she became possessed of the idea that she could learn to play the bag-pipes, and sought out Pipe-Major Henry Forsythe and took from him a course of instruction. Forsythe is the piper to the Prince of Wales and a famous artist in his line. Owing to Miss Hazard's diminutive size, a set of pipes just half the usual dimensions had to be made to order for her use, and her teacher declared after he had given her two months' tuition that he had never met such a promising pupil. The costume Miss Hazard wears is true to the traditions of the opera from which her song is taken. The materials were purchased in Edinburgh, and a celebrated tailor in Glasgow superintended the construction of the kilt, jacket, sash and sporran. The plaid or tartan, as they say in Scotland, is that of the MacGregor clan. In addition to the Scottish novelty, Miss Hazard will sing a number of her old time songs, including "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," "On Yonder Rock Reclining," and "Torpedo and the Whale."

* * *

"The Man from Home" is said to be an attack on snobs and snobbery, especially of the European variety, and Messrs. Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, the authors, show how the single-minded and simple-hearted man from the United States foils all their snobbish schemes—cur-r-rses on them! The result is a play which has proved extremely popular, especially with Americans. The local theatre-goers will have an opportunity next week of seeing this New York success, when it comes to play for the week at the Royal Alexandra.

The curtain rises upon a scene in Sorrento, Italy, where Horace Granger Simpson and his sister, Ethel, formerly of Kokomo, Indiana, are staying with a number of European acquaintances, who are united in a plot to capture the Granger-Simpson millions by marrying off the two guileless "Kokomokes" to selections from their number. The Honorable Almeric St. Aubyn, the future Earl of Hawcastle, is to marry Ethel Granger-Simpson, and is standing out for a settlement upon himself of $750 000, and the somewhat shady Comtesse de Champigny, a close friend of the bankrupt Earl of Hawcastle, is setting her cap for young Horace in order to secure the balance of the fortune.

Daniel Voorhees Pike, a plain lawyer from Kokomo, who is the guardian of the two young people, is a lank individual of the distinctive George Ade type. He has heard of the contemplated alliances and suddenly makes his appearance upon the scene with a view to finding out the qualifications of the two suitors for the Simpson cash, in his capacity as guardian, and quietly proceeds to investigate the affair. It does not take him long to learn that both the Counfess and the Honorable Almeric are adventurers, and his further efforts are devoted to showing the conspirators up in their true light.

It is then developed that Pike himself has long been in love with his ward, and she realizes finally that she, too, has had an honest affection for her guardian. Throughout the play is carried the general theme that international marriages are almost invariably failures, and that a girl of provincial upbringing and few social advantages takes her future in her hands when she consents to marry a foreign nobleman, who can have but one object, and that to exploit her financially.

* * *

Next week's attraction at the Grand will be Pixley and Luders' greatest musical success, "The Burgomaster." Manager Wm. P. Cullen has been careful in the organization of his present company, engaging as many of the original members of the cast as was possible, and he has been successful in doing so. Besides the star, Mr. Hermsen, the company includes Leo Kandall, who will be seen as Doodle von Kull, the burgomaster's secretary; Robert W. Albright, the Harlem spider; Joseph Rooney, as Captain Spuyten; Geo. McKissick, as Blue Feather, the Indian Chief; J. J. McClure, as Terrance Refferty; and Fred W. Bailey, as E. Booth Tarkington, the actor. Marie Grandpre, who besides being pretty is gifted with a voice, has been engaged for the part of Catherine Vanderbeck, while Marian Mack has the role of Phoebe Kummagin, the Phist woman. Those clever little soubrettes, the Lockhart sisters, have prominent parts, Etta Lockhart, as Daisy, a roof garden favorite, and Phemie Lockhart, as a romantic [illegible]

HENRY HALL,
In "The Man from Home."

male chorus, as is necessary in "The Burgomaster," is particularly strong, while the girls are also said to be able to sing.

* * *

Next week at Shea's Theatre the bill will be headed by Mrs. George De Haven's original dancing operetta, the De Haven Sextette, featuring Sidney C. Gibson in "The Understudy." The special features for the week are Velome Westony, the Hungarian pianist, and Jack Wilson and Company presenting "An Upheaval in Darktown." The Four Nianos, the Overing Trio, George Austin Moore, the Tennis Trio, and The Kinetograph complete the bill.

* * *

The attraction at the Gayety next week will be "The Hastings Show." It is said to contain some bright burlesque, well cast and well mounted. Among those who will take part in the performance are: Viola Sheldon, Harry Hastings and Thomas Coyne.

FIRST-NIGHTER.

The Piker.

Piker—Literally, a bluffer, a man who has not the money to buy, but pretends he has.—Autolst's Dictionary.

He viewed a racy runabout,
Approval in his eye,
And talked of tires and sparking-plugs,
And gear both low and high.
The salesmen waited on his steps,
And hastened at his beck,
And showed the beauties of the cars,
With visions of a check.

He much admired a limousine,
And when he climbed inside,
The flattered auto-men at once
Invited him to ride.
Next day, alas! comparing notes,
It added to their cares
To feel that they had entertained
A piker unawares.

—Minna Irving, in Lippincott's.

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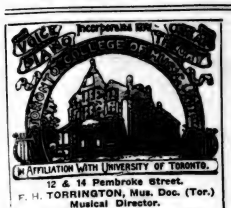

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MUSIC

THIS week has witnessed the annual awakening of activity in musical circles, following upon the vacation period. Music students and musicians are returning to the city, bearing with them a new energy born of the recreating power of the holidays. Music schools and private instructors are busily registering pupils; organists and choirmasters are gathering together their choristers for rehearsals; and those choir members who, during the summer, have like Falstaff "forgotten what the inside of a church is made of," are now refreshing their memories again. Our choral societies—we are seven—have sent out notices for their initial practices; the members of our symphony orchestra are trying and testing and blowing and bowing their instruments, preparatory to that time when the leader "attunes to order the chaotic din"; our composers are—but I am afraid I shall have to wait a few years before being warranted in concluding that clause with a flourish.

But the season is on; and Music, heavenly maid, once more begins her magic ministrations in the realm of persuasive sound.

* * *

Mr. Charles I. Hendricks, of Grace Street, is an ingenious Torontonian who invents his own musical instruments. In the illustration Mr. Hendricks is seen playing his Lyric Harp. This instrument is original in many details. It has a graceful outline, is about 33 inches long, has 88 strings, and a special keyboard which enables its player to transpose into all keys. Twenty different chords involving modulations to nearly related keys are readily produceable. The tones are pure, full and resonant; and these qualities showed to advantage in Sullivan's "Lost Chord" and other compositions which Mr. Hendricks played for me.

The instrument is not upon the market; it is the only one of its kind, and is reserved for its inventor's exclusive use.

Another instrument which Mr. Hendricks has originated he terms the Symphony Harp. This invention has an abridged keyboard of the piano type attached, and it is capable of some novel effects.

* * *

Dr. A. S. Vogt returned from Gloucester, Mass., last week, where he had been spending the summer. During his visit across the border he spent several days at New York and Boston meeting many of the most prominent musicians of those two art supporting centres. At New York a number of the leading choirmasters of the city called on him and expressed a warm desire that the Mendelssohn Choir should again visit that city. At Boston also there is a strong desire on the part of many of the leading musicians of that city to hear the Toronto choir, and it is more than likely that no later than 1911 the Mendelssohn Choir will be heard in both Boston and New York. Should the visit to New York be delayed until 1911 a number of the most successful of the choirmasters of that city propose attending the Toronto concerts of next winter.

* * *

Mr. Henry Lautz writes from Bayreuth in most enthusiastic terms regarding the recent festival performances there. Mr. Lautz says:—"Never in my life have I heard so fine an orchestra or so magnificent an ensemble. Soloists I have heard in New York to equal the Bayreuth soloists, but for the general splendor of performance and the artistic blending of all the points of the presentations surely nothing has ever equalled this year's Bayreuth Festival." In this connection some comments from the London "Musical News" will be of interest. This paper summing up the performances says:—

The works chosen for performance at Bayreuth this year were the Nibelungen Ring Cycle, "Lohengrin," and "Parsifal," and so great was the interest taken that the entire house was sold out as far back as last November, applications being received from all over Europe and also America. The audiences have been composed mainly of natives of the country, but there was a large sprinkling of English and Americans, music-lovers from the latter country in particular being especially prominent. The first thought that enters the mind of the average London opera-goer on making his initial visit to Bayreuth is: In what way will the performances differ from those to which we have been accustomed at Covent Garden? and one naturally expects, taking into consideration the special plans devised and arranged by Wagner himself, that the staging and scenic effects will be on a scale of magnificence quite unobtainable at an ordinary opera house. In this we are in no wise disappointed, and the stage tableaux in the "Ring" were a series of triumphs for the mechanician and stage manager.

All these scenes must be seen at Bayreuth before their full significance can be realized.

The effects of the hidden orchestra in a comparatively small opera house like the Wagner Festspielhaus are wonderful, and, owing to the ingenious placing of the instruments, with the brass at the back, underneath the stage, it is almost impossible for the orchestra to overpower the singers; but at the same time the greatest possible praise must be awarded to Mr. Balling for his masterly unfolding of this mighty work.

Turning to the singers, one is faced with a less pleasing task for, truth to tell, in many cases the leading *roles* were played by artists who are considerably past their prime.

The performance of "Lohengrin" as played at Bayreuth is quite a revelation, and those who have only seen the work on other stages cannot possibly have fully grasped Wagner's true meaning; but here it is made perfectly clear by the most careful attention paid to even the minutest detail of the composer's instructions. The mounting was superb in every respect, and pages could be written on the magnificence of the stage management.

As in "Gotterdammerung," the work of the choristers calls for the loudest praise, and they had evidently been drilled to perfection; their singing and acting were on an equally high level, and the results achieved were wholly admirable in every detail. The cast, too, had evidently been most carefully chosen.

The whole performance was a brilliant achievement, and is not likely to be forgotten by those fortunate enough to be present.

Presumably everyone who makes the pilgrimage to Bayreuth does so with "Parsifal" as their chief object. Outside Wagner's own opera house it has only been presented in America and Amsterdam, both these places thereby totally disregarding the composer's wishes. One almost dreads to imagine "Parsifal" outside Bayreuth, once having seen it there, and though possibly the two stages just mentioned have been able to overcome the great difficulties of mounting the work, yet it is certain that in no opera house save Wagner's can the essential features of this sacred music drama, namely, its reverence and mysticism, be adequately expressed.

* * *

Mr. Thomas Beecham, who, as conductor of the Beecham Orchestra, will tour America this season, has been frankly expressing his views in the Musical Courier upon the subject of "Why England is Unmusical."

Mr. Beecham is a member of that old English family that originated the famous Beecham's Pills, which as a traditional institution are almost as dear to the average Englishman as his roast beef. But Mr. Beecham has progressed. He has proceeded from pills to polyphonic programmes. He is a musician of solid attainments, with an Oxford education, and has composed and produced songs, operas and orchestral works; and his opinion upon the subject of "Why England is Unmusical" is of genuine value.

Mr. Beecham says, in part:—"The flattering critics, who, for patriotic reasons, insist upon telling us that we are a musical nation, always seem to me to be the principal stumbling blocks to musical advancement in this country.

Surely, if we were a musical nation, we should have fine English artists, opera houses, provincial orchestras and a hundred and one musical things which other countries can

(*Concluded on page* 18.)

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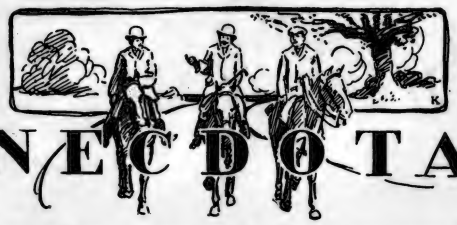

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LAWRENCE J. ANHALT, business manager for David Warfield, tells the story of the manager of a thrilling melodrama, in one scene of which a husband enters one door an instant after an admirer of his wife has made his exit from another. During a run of a week in one city the manager noticed that one man, obviously from the country, went in every night. Finally he remarked to the man that he must enjoy the performance.

"Tolerably so," replied the playgoer, "but some night that husband is going to catch that other feller, and I want to be on hand to see what happens."

* * *

"MANY of my opponents," said Joseph Chamberlain in one of his tariff reform speeches, "are as ignorant of my proposition as was a certain farmer, many years ago, of the umbrella.

"This farmer had made a journey of some twenty miles on foot to a small town. As he was about to set off for home again, a hard rain came up, and his host loaned him an umbrella—a novelty at the time—opening it himself so as to save his friend all possible trouble.

"A week later the farmer brought the umbrella back. The weather was bright and fine, but he held the contrivance open over his head.

"'This instrument,' he grumbled, 'is more trouble than it's worth. There wasn't a doorway in the village I could get it through, and I had to tether it all the week in a field.'"

Sister (to elderly prodigal who is much given to pawning his things): "What's this ticket on yer best coat, Sandy?"

Sandy: "That was the night I was at McPhearson's ball, they tack yer coat from ye at the door, and gie ye a ticket for it."

Sister: "H'm—aye—I see there's yin on yer troosers as well."—Punch.

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN writer was touring in Ireland.

"You see thim mountains," said the driver of the jaunting-car.

"Yes."

"Thim's the highest mountains in the wurrald."

"Is that so?" asked the surprised Crerand.

"It is," assured the driver, "exceptin', av coorse, thim in furrin parts."

* * *

THE first grade teacher had been able to spank Tommy with the greatest enthusiasm, but his next teacher had not reached the point where she felt she could do justice to him in spite of all his naughtiness.

"Send him to me when you want him spanked," said the first grade teacher one morning, after her colleague had related his many misdemeanors.

About eleven o'clock Tommy appeared at the first grade teacher's door. She dropped her work, seized him by the arm, dragged him to the dressing room, turned him over her knee and did her duty.

When she had finished she said, "Well, Tommy, what have you to say?"

"Please, miss, my teacher wants the scissors."

* * *

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND doesn't mind telling a joke on himself. The Archbishop always dresses so unostentatiously that no one could guess his episcopal rank from his street garb.

Travelling one day in a rural district he met a good-natured woman in the car who, after some general conversation asked him: "You're a priest, father, aren't you?"

In a bantering mood, the Archbishop thought he'd try a quibble to put her at her ease, so he answered: "No, my good woman, I'm no longer a priest."

The woman gave him a pitying glance. Then she said soothingly: "Oh, the Lord help us, father! It wasn't the drink, I hope?"

* * *

DOWN the street came the fire engines. Driving along ahead, oblivious of danger, was an old farmer in a ramshackle old buggy. A policeman yelled at him: "Hi there, look out! The fire department's coming."

Turning in by the curb the farmer watched the hose cart, salvage wagon and engine whiz past. Then he turned out into the street again and drove on. Barely had he started when the hook and ladder came tearing along. The rear wheel of the big truck slewed into the farmer's buggy, smashing it to smithereens and sending the farmer sprawling into the gutter. The policeman ran to his assistance.

"Didn't I tell ye to keep out of the way?" he demanded crossly. "Didn't I tell ye the fire department was comin'?"

"Wall, consarn ye," said the peeved farmer, "I *did* git outer the way for th' fire department. But what in tarnation was them drunken painters in sech an all-fired hurry fer?"

* * *

A PROFESSOR at a well-known engineering college says that but for occasional innovations in the application of learning, such as the following, he would find it hard to judge the extent of his usefulness.

This question was asked upon an examination paper: "What steps would you take in determining the height of a building, using an aneroid barometer?"

The answer was: "I would lower the barometer by a string and measure the string."

* * *

THE Archbishop of Canterbury was going in with a number of other clergymen to luncheon after some great ecclesiastical function, when an unctuous dignitary observed, "Now to put a bridle on our appetites!"

Quick as lightning the Archbishop retorted: "Say, rather, now to put a bit between your teeth."

* * *

A YOUNG man of very limited means, after the marriage ceremony, presented to the minister twenty-seven large copper cents, all spread out on the palm of his right hand.

"This is all I've got, parson," he said. Seeing a disappointed look in the minister's face, he added, "If we have any children, we will send them to your Sunday-school."

* * *

MUCH to his indignation the feudist had been arrested for murder.

"Suh," he said to the court in the sauve vernacular of the section. "I must characterize this proceeding as an outrage upon a gentleman, suh."

"But you shot the man?"

"Shot him! Of co'se I shot him, but I observed every requirement, suh. Didn't I shoot him in the back, suh, taking him unawares, as is the custom in these parts? Didn't I have mah friends along to see fair play? Moreovah, suh, I can prove by a dozen witnesses that he had called mah coon dog a yellow mongrel."

Apparently, after all, no ethical code had suffered violence.

* * *

A CERTAIN cottage and its old mistress had improved so greatly in comfort and appearance that a visitor shrewdly surmised that the son of the house, a lazy ne'er-do-well, had turned over a new leaf. He inquired about it.

"Yes, sir, my son's in work now," said the smiling old mother. "Takes good money, he does, too. All he has to do is to go twice a day to the circus and put his head in the lion's mouth. The rest of his time 'e 'as to himself."

* * *

THERE may be a good reason why some jokers are funnier when there is a minister around.

At a certain boarding-house where there was a minister, there was also a little boy, who with his mother occupied the front room upstairs.

As they all sat down to dinner one evening after a dreary day of rain, the landlady asked the boy, "Well, Willie, what have you been doing all afternoon?"

"I've been running ribbons in mother's underwear," replied Willie, with naive enthusiasm.

And the minister did not smile.

* * *

WILLIE, a little country boy, six years of age, was taken one Sunday night to a large city church, where he saw for the first time a vested choir. To his mother's surprise and gratification, he not only kept wide awake, but seemed greatly interested in every part of the service. At its close he turned to her and said:

"I like this church, it is so nice to watch the preacher when he comes out with all his wives in their nightgowns."

* * *

A CHICAGO business man recently entertained at dinner a client from a Wyoming town. The fastidiousness of the Chicago man was somewhat aroused by the fact that his companion at table accomplished the several courses with the aid of no other implement than his knife, which, however, he wielded with telling effect.

Finally at dessert the Wyoming person registered a kick. "See here, waiter," he exclaimed, "you have given me no fork."

"Why," put in the host, "what difference does that make? You don't seem to need it."

"Don't need it!" ejaculated the gentleman from the Northwest. "What am I going to stir my coffee with?"

* * *

TOMMY'S mother had made him a present of a toy shovel and sent him out in the sand lot to play with his baby brother. "Take care of baby now, Tommy, and don't let anything hurt him," was Mamma's parting injunction.

Presently screams of anguish from baby sent the distracted parent flying to the sand lot. "For goodness' sake, Tommy, what has happened to the baby?" said she, trying to soothe the wailing infant.

"There was a naughty fly biting him on top of his head, and I killed it with the shovel," was the proud reply.

* * *

"AND so, my friends," the Sunshine Orator went on eloquently, "with all our troubles, all our woes, our cares and little disappointments in life, let us laugh them off. Has your friend, the man who for many years you have trusted as you would your own brother, deceived you? Laugh it off! Has your business that once was prosperous grown dull and sluggish? Laugh it off. Has worry entered in to disturb your peace of mind? Laugh it off. Have you quarrelled with one you love? Laugh it off."

"Say, Mister," interrupted a weather-beaten old man sitting in the front row, "can't ye vary this yere entertainment with jest a few really funny jokes?"

"Jokes?" retorted the lecturer. "Jokes? Why should I indulge in such frivolity at such a time as this?"

"Wa-al, ye see," returned the old fellow, squirming in his seat, "I got a porous plaster on that tickles me like time, and I thought mebbe with a leetle help I might laugh it off."

The Butcher: "Have ye got Smith's leg, an' Jones's shoulder, an' Brown's tongue?"

The Boy: "Yep."

The Butcher: "Well, ye better take Ford's ribs at the same time."—Harper's Bazar.

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Peter and John (seeing a large plate-glass pane put in)—"We may as well go home. They are not going to let it fall."—Fliegende Blætter.

Spinster—"I wish the Lord had made me a man." Smart Nephew—"Perhaps he has, only you haven't found him yet."—Lippincott's.

LADY GAY'S COLUMN

"The Lady of the Labrador."

IT has all been very beautiful, my holiday time, with a new and infinitely enchanting beauty, to enhance the things I knew of before—something like the effect of wreaths of roses and laurel on some majestic statute or monument on Decoration Day, is the new touch given to the strength and grandeur of the rocks and surf and great billows round the dear Island by an appetizer of beauty found amid the Bras d'Or Lakes! To begin at the beginning, it became necessary to make up my mind to something which always tries my fortitude, very soon after I started East. The trying something was an early rising of such quality, that one seriously debated the worth of going to bed at all. "Couldn't you manage it?" suggested the man who does things, and who makes others do things. "If you'll promise to look after me, I really think I could," was the result of a short struggle in the mind that abhors an early call. Therefore, it was, that the soft voice of the coon exhorted me about three o'clock a.m., and I stumbled along a narrow valley flanked with kit-bags, suit cases and men's and women's footwear and emerged into a silvery dawn, preceded by the man who does things, bearing his hat-box, from whence dangled two crocheted strings, hinting at pyjamas instead of hats therein concealed. I shall never quite forget that silvery dawn, that exquisite bland air and that sheet of placid salt water, into which one almost walks, on leaving the train at Grand Narrows, away down in Cape Breton. To attempt to follow the meanderings of the Bras d'Or Lakes with appropriate adjectives is beyond me. I varied the attempt by selecting uncomplimentary epithets for personal application, whenever I realized that for four summers I had careered past them unheeding. Over their sinuous "arms" blows the sweetest of salt air, tempered by a gentle heat, above them broods the bluest of heavens, and all about them lies the broken-hearted Island, shattered in welcome to their "Golden Arms," lovely, enticing, adorable! Fish by the thousand dart and lurk beneath the waves, tides rise and fall, storms arrive now and then to vary the flavor of life, little towns nestle on the banks; Baddeck, with its Island lighthouse and trailing country roads; Whycocomagh, with Salt Mountain behind it, and a fascinating waterfall tearing down the slope, here and there puff the little steamers, up and down from Sydney and the sea, with gay parties of tourists, artists, seekers for health, scientists, students, coming to sit at the feet of Dr. Bell, the wise man who has made his summer home in this garden of repose, and who floats in the radiant air over the salt water, in that latest triumph of invention, the aeroplane

*

But I've left myself and the man who does things, standing in the earliest dawn, kit-bag and hat-case in hand, wondering which of half a dozen houses strung along the edge of the lake was a hotel. Having selected the likeliest edifice, we proceeded to reconnoitre, and ambled round to the rear to discover perchance a light left in expectation of our coming, which had been duly wired. The kitchen doors amiably swung open to our touch, and much amused, we proceeded into the dark silence, found the parlor, lit a lamp, and were fawned upon with delight by two huge silly dogs, who evidently enjoyed the idea of their home being broken into. Their raptures struck us as so funny, that we went out upon the balcony to laugh, being absurdly unwilling to disturb anyone by our hilarity. In fact, I hoped devoutly that no one would waken, for I dreaded losing the marvel of the growing morning, the sure to be glorious sunrise, and a certain history which trembled upon the laughing lips of the man who does things..

*

We left the balcony and walked out to a point whence we might greet the first shafts of sunrise, and there I heard the story of a great happening, and threw my whole attention and sympathy into its recital. And lo! while yet we talked softly of things one may not repeat in print, of the coming of God's last best gift into the life of God's good man, of the happy future and the blessed past, of new duties and new joys, all that sort of talk which we women who are old enough may enjoy with the younger men whose careers and aims we believe and glory in, while we talked and the foolish watch dogs came at intervals to clumsily ask us why we had left their hotel, with their friendly muzzles nosing our hands for recognition, lo! the sun arose, indescribably lovely in its rising, with flame and gold and soft pearly and pink and violet shafts, and sudden radiance and by and by a yellow glow, that smote our sight with a sudden sleepiness and sense of fatigue. So we strolled back silently to the still slumbering hotel, and there upon the lintel stared a huge notice: "Please ring the night-bell!" Somehow it seemed irresistibly comical that owing to our unconventional progress from the rear, we had managed to miss that staring card! We laughed right out loud this time (it was five o'clock), and mine host came scuttling out in deshabille to stammer questions and apologies for having been caught napping. And it was thus that I found the Bras d'Or Lakes, and spent a dawning and sunrising that will bide with me all my days.

*

Everyone who reads the papers has seen that there is to be a new "Lady of the Labrador." Strange and erratic stories of how she came and when and whence are printed, and fortunately for the great beauty of the true story, it has not yet appeared. But we who have read and heard of, and even seen the work that the Doctor of the Labrador has done for the past sixteen years, cannot but be hugely interested in the fact that he has found the Lady! Some day, perhaps, when the wedding bells have pealed in the great western city, next November, I may have permission to tell you the real story, the beautiful primitive and unusual story of how the Lady of the Labrador came to her title. Perhaps I may not want to, when that time comes, but may be selfish enough to keep it, in lavender enshrined, and think of it now and then, when the air is blowing fresh and caressing over salt water, and the first tints of sunrise are in the sky!

LADY GAY.

Residence of Dr. A. Graham Bell, Beinn Breagh, near Baddeck, C.B.

A SOUTHERNER tells of an old negro whose worthless son was married secretly. The old man heard of it and asked the boy if he was married.

"I ain't sayin' I ain't," the boy replied.

"Now, you Rastus," stormed the old man. "I ain't askin' you is you ain't; I is askin' you ain't you is."

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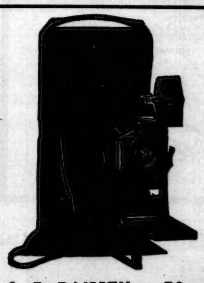

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Established 1868.

MUSIC

(*Continued from page 15.*)

boast of. Of course, foreign artists who come to this country are never tired of telling us that we are intensely musical, for the simple reason that they wish us to go on being self-satisfied, since our advancement would mean competition with them.

We spend millions on charitable musical affairs. People who will not spend one hundred pence to hear good music or to assist the foundation of a national opera house, will willingly give £100 for a bad concert in aid of some hospital, simply for the sake of seeing their names in the published lists.

Give the hospitals their £100 by all means, but if this must be done through the medium of a concert, provide good music instead of drivel.

There are many things characteristic of our national and social life which themselves combat advance in art. First of all, let us consider the average life of the average Englishman. It is a hopelessly cut-and-dried affair that discourages any development of the imagination. The average middle-class Englishman—and the middle class, having most money can do most to encourage art—has eggs and bacon for breakfast every morning, catches a certain train, or starts at a certain time to get to his office, or his shop, returns home at a fixed hour, reads his paper in the evening, and invariably eats roast beef on Sunday. If, once in a while, he requires amusement, he goes to a musical comedy or a variety entertainment. Perhaps once in ten years expansion in his imagination occurs, but if it does, he invariably goes—abroad! It is the conventional life which we lead which smothers our imagination, and which is responsible for the fact that, whether it be in politics, philosophy, poetry, drama, literature, or art, we have little invention and few ideas. If ever a man who is any good arises in our midst he is sure either to have a dash of the foreigner or to be an Irishman!

Another thing which bars advance in many directions is the conservative, puritanical spirit which prevails so overwhelmingly in England. There are millions of people in the north who regard theatrical performances and concerts as dangerous, perilous and Satanic affairs."

* * *

Mr. J. W. F. Harrison has returned from an extended tour to the Pacific Coast, having conducted the examinations for the Toronto Conservatory of Music in the West this year. These examinations have increased greatly in number, extending north as far as Prince Albert, and west to Vancouver and Victoria. Mr. Harrison has resumed tuition and can be seen at the Conservatory by any desiring lessons in piano or organ.

* * *

The Misses Sternberg have returned from the Kawartha Lakes, where they have been spending the summer months, and will re-open their classes in dancing and physical culture at Simpson Hall, Monday, Oct. 4th, 1909.

* * *

Mr. Frank Converse Smith, violinist, has opened his studios at the Dominion Bank Chambers, corner of College Street and Spadina Avenue.

* * *

The Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression has issued a new illustrated year book, giving full particulars, which will be mailed on application. Mr. Robert Stuart Piggott has been added to the staff.

Arpeggio.

ARTISTIC LIGHTING FIXTURES.

One of the exhibits at the Exhibition which is of particular interest to the home builder is the display of artistic lighting fixtures shown by the James Morrison Brass Manufacturing Co., Limited, of 93 Adelaide street west.

Their showing comprises some very handsome gas and electric fixtures in crystal effects, in colonial and classic designs.

Special attention might be given to a particularly attractive piano lamp with illuminated pedestal, in a floral design, in combination with art glass and hammered brass, in a rich old brass finish.

A novelty is an electric grate which gives every appearance of a coal grate fire.

Many other specialties, worthy of attention, are shown, including ceiling clusters, wall brackets, portable lamps, etc.

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A CERTAIN English mayor, whose period of office had come to an end, was surveying the work of the year. "I have endeavored," he said with an air of conscious rectitude, "to administer justice without swerving to partiality, on the one hand, or impartiality, on the other."

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

BONNYCASTLE—At Campbellford, Ont., on August 18, 1909, to Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Bonnycastle, a son.

MURCHISON—At 170 Garden avenue, Toronto, on August 24, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Murchison, a son.

MARRIAGES.

MACARTHUR—WATT—On Saturday, August 28, 1909, at Zion Church, Brantford, by Rev. W. A. J. Martin, Marion Isabel, daughter of the late Sheriff Watt, to Frank Edwards Macarthur, of Wolseley, Sask.

REYMES—STANDLY—At Cobourg, Ont., on August 19, 1909, Lillian Lenore, youngest daughter of the late R. W. Standly, of Grafton, Ont., to Harry Reymes.

DEATHS.

MURCHISON—At 170 Garden avenue, Toronto, on August 26, 1909, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Murchison.

BISHOP—On August 15, 1909, at Gull Lake, Alberta, Lloyd Hartnoll Bishop, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Bishop, of Edmonton, aged 4 years 7 months.

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RETURN TICKETS AT SINGLE FARE
Account of Labour Day

between all stations in Canada, also Detroit and Port Huron, Mich.; Buffalo, Black Rock and Susp. Bridge, N.Y. Good going Sept. 3, 4, 5 and 6. Return limit Sept. 8, 1909.

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"I have been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm," said a photographer to an agriculturist. "Did you catch my laborers in motion?" asked the farmer. "I think so." "Ah, well, science is a wonderful thing!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Pranks of Famous Debtors.

HOW thoroughly illogical was the old usage of imprisoning debtors was well expressed once by an Indian who, in northern New York, saw a man in the common jail, and inquired what had been his crime.

"He owes ten skins, which he cannot pay," he was told, beaver skins being the currency of the region at that time.

"Ugh! No catch-um skin shut up in jail-house!" the Indian commented, and strode away.

But it was when debtors could and would not pay that the most absurd situations developed, as was the case with Ouvrard, the great French contractor-general, who allowed himself to be sent to prison rather than pay a debt.

He led a life of princely expenditure in his prison—for the purpose of adding another room to his quarters, he paid the debt of the man confined therein. One day the Minister of Finance was dining with Ouvrard, and urged him to settle with his creditor, pointing out that not only was he deprived of his liberty, but that much scandal was reflected on the government, which had so long retained him as contractor-general.

"Parbleu, Monseigneur," was the retort. "You speak very much at your ease. I am here for five years, for five millions of francs; I gain, therefore, by my imprisonment, one million a year; and if you know of any speculation at once more lucrative and sure, I am not obstinately wedded to this, observe. In that case, I will pay to-morrow!"

James Swan, an American merchant of vast wealth, was committed to the prison of St. Pelagie, in Paris, on July 28, 1808, for a sum of 625,640 francs—about $125,128—and repassed the gates for the first time on their opening to the Revolution, July 29, 1830, twenty-two years afterward. Mr. Swan, though possessed of what was at that time considered a great fortune, amounting to over a million dollars, denied the justness of the claim on which he was committed to prison, and determined to pass the remainder of his life in confinement rather than submit to extortion.

It was the French law at this time that if a prisoner for debt escaped, the keeper of the jail became responsible for the debt, and this gave a light-hearted if impoverished Parisian an opportunity to play a trick upon the creditor who had thrown him into prison. Presenting himself at the creditor's house one day, much to the latter's amazement, he coolly observed:

"You see, I am free—have escaped. You may certainly have me seized and sent back to jail, if you wish, but as you are aware, I can never pay my debt. However, if you will give me enough money to get out of the country, you can claim the debt from the keeper of the jail, who is well-to-do and who will have to pay."

The creditor readily agreed to this scheme, and handed over five gold pieces, which the debtor took and departed, presumably for the frontier. Later in the day the creditor went to the jail and addressed the keeper haughtily:

"As you are of course aware, keeper, my debtor has escaped. You, therefore, are responsible to me for his debt—six thousand francs—which I will trouble you to pay."

"Your debtor escaped? Oh no!" the keeper replied, placidly. "In fact, he has invited me to take dinner with him to-day. Having unexpectedly received a gift of five gold pieces, he has purchased a little feast, which I am to share. Behold!" And the keeper threw open a door, disclosing to the furious creditor his debtor, with a complacent smile upon his face, just sitting down to a table heaped with the finest viands, fruits, and wines.—Harper's Weekly.

Bismarck and a friend were out hunting one day, when the friend incautiously walked off into a morass, and feeling himself gradually sinking, called out to Bismarck: "For God's sake, come to my help, or I shall be lost in this quicksand." Bismarck saw the danger was great, but he retained his presence of mind. "No," cried Bismarck, "I will not venture into the morass, for then I should be lost, too. It is evident your end is inevitable; therefore, to relieve you from the cruel agony of slow death, I will shoot you." And he coolly leveled his rifle at his floundering friend. "Keep quiet," cried Bismarck; "I can not take correct aim. Remember, that in order to put you at once out of misery I must shoot you through the head!" The shocking brutality of this suggestion drove all fear of the morass out of the friend's mind; the unlucky man thought only of dodging Bismarck's bullet, and with this in mind, he struggled so violently that finally, by almost superhuman efforts, he succeeded in laying hold of the root of an old tree and thereby he rescued himself. "It was your presence of mind that saved me," he confessed to Bismarck.

TRAVELLERS DELIGHT

in having good service. Make no mistake when selecting route to see that tickets read over the Grand Trunk Railway, "Canada's only double-tracked line" to the important points—Montreal, Toronto, London, Detroit, Chicago, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia.

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One of the most inveterate hoarders on record was George IV. Not only was he adverse to destroying books and papers, but he preserved everything that could possibly be kept.

When he died all the suits of clothes he had worn for twenty years were discovered and sold by public auction. His executors also found secreted in various desks, drawers and cupboards numerous purses and pocketbooks crammed full of money, to the extent it is said of £20,000, together with more sentimental treasures in the form of locks of hair from the tresses of forgotten beauties of the court.

SUMMER OUTINGS.

Your outing this summer will not be complete without Campana's Italian Balm. If applied after exposure to the sun or wind it will prevent tan, sunburn or freckles. It is also good for healing cuts or burns, and to keep the face smooth after shaving. 25c. per bottle at most druggists, or E. G. West & Co., 176 King Street East, Toronto.

"Did she refuse him?" "Practically; she said she would not marry him till he arrived at years of discretion."

"I suppose the hired girl does all the heavy work in your house?" "Not all; my wife makes the pies and puddings."

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Tennyson and Burns.

IN the autumn of 1848 Tennyson made a comprehensive tour in Scotland. Born on August 6th, 1809, he must at that date have been in the first quarter of his fortieth year. Writing afterwards to his friend, Aubrey de Vere, he said: "On the whole, perhaps, I enjoyed no day more than the one I spent at Kirk Alloway by the monument of poor Burns, and the orchards and 'banks and braes of bonnie Doon.' I made a pilgrimage thither out of love for the great peasant. They were gathering in the wheat, and the spirit of the man mingled, or seemed to mingle, with all I saw. I know you do not care much for him, but I do, and hold that there never was immortal poet if he be not one."

Aubrey de Vere told how Tennyson, who was nothing if not the hero-worshipper, cherished an ardent enthusiasm for Burns. "Read the exquisite songs of Burns," he exclaimed to de Vere; "in shape each of them has the perfection of the berry; in light, the radiance of the dewdrop: you forget for its sake those stupid things, his serious pieces." Meeting Wordsworth the same day, De Vere alluded to Burns. Wordsworth praised Burns more vehemently than Tennyson had done, and called him the great genius who had brought poetry back to nature, but qualified his encomium by adding: "Of course, I refer to his serious efforts, such as 'The Cotter's Saturday Night'; those foolish little amatory songs of his one has to forget."

Songs survive longer than serious poems. The epigram of Fletcher of Saltoun—"Let me make the songs of a people, and let who will make their laws" might almost be extended from "laws" to heavy poetry. It is the poet dowered with the genuine singing quality, whose lyrics touch the common heart, that obtains the most perdurable empire among mankind. "Paradise Lost" and "The Excursion" are both less widely known than Burns' "Bonnie Doon" and "Of all the airts" and "Ae Fond Kiss." "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan" must ever take secondary place and fame as against Tennyson's "Maud," and the lyrics in "The Princess," "Home they brought her warrior dead," and "Tears, idle tears." For one reader who, after Wordsworth, prefers the "serious efforts" of the poets and wishes to forget "the foolish little amatory songs," thousands neglect the didactic poems wholly, yet revel in the appealing humanness of the lyrics.

On the banks of the river Nith, meditating there upon the contrast between the genius of Burns and his blighted career and tragic fate, Tennyson burst into tears. He, too, like Burns, possessed soul. He felt, and made others feel. In common with Burns, Tennyson will survive mostly in his songs, in those perfect lyrics of love and grief and fortitude and faith which supplied wings of music to the soul that was in him.—T. P.'s Weekly.

If I Fell Through the Earth?

IN a recent magazine article in France, Camille Flammarion, a well-known French astronomer and mathematician, discusses what would happen if a man fell down a tunnel pierced through the earth to the antipodes. The problem was first enunciated by Plutarch in the second century, and in the fifteenth century, long before the days of Galileo and Newton, Dante describes how Lucifer, falling from heaven, was caught in the centre of the earth, the centre of gravity of the planet.

But if a man were to overbalance and tumble down a huge tunnel sunk through the earth, what would happen to him? In the first place, he would grow lighter and lighter as he fell, for the force of gravity diminishes as we approach the centre; at the very centre itself it is nil, and so there he would not turn the scale at all. But the impetus of his fall would carry him beyond the centre, and he would grow heavier and heavier as he fell downwards, or, rather, upwards, from the centre to the antipodes. An inquisitive Australian, looking down the pit, would be astonished to see a man falling up it, shoot into the air, and drop down again as gravity once more seized him. This would happen again and again, and our unfortunate friend would have the novel, indeed unique, if uncomfortable, experience, of becoming a human pendulum, a real Wandering Jew, falling up and down and to and fro throughout all time. Flammarion calculates that it would take an hour and twenty-four minutes to go there and back, or twenty-one minutes to reach the centre. At the centre of the earth his speed would be 31.318 feet per second.

But the question is a little more complicated. If the tunnel were driven from the North to the South Pole, our little theory works all right, but if sunk near the equator the rotation of the earth would affect our adventurous friend's flight. For while a particle of earth travels at the rate of 1,005 feet per second at the latitude of Paris, on the equator it travels at 1,525 feet per second, from west to east. Now, if we drop a pebble down a deep pit at the equator, its travel downwards gets slower as it nears the neutral axis, and so it does not fall vertically. To be exact the deviation is 3.3 feet for every 1,000 feet of depth. So if the tunnel were driven from Pole to Pole it would be circular in diameter, but if at the equator it would have to be very broad, or else our poor friend would not reach the centre, but miss it by 272½ miles exactly. Supposing he started falling from the top of a mountain at a height of 7,000 feet, a looker-on at the other end would be astonished to see him vomited by the earth to an elevation of exactly 7,000 feet, and then fall back again. If he started at sea level, he would just reach the sea level at the other end, see the antipodial sky for one brief instant, and then fall back again.

The feat of swimming the River Seine from Havre to Trouville across the estuary has always been regarded as impossible, and all the swimmers who tried it in the past failed. The terrible current was the cause of the trouble, and though the distance is only eight miles across a man must be prepared to cover twice that distance to go from shore to shore. However, all theories as to impossibility were set at rest recently, for two swimmers went across, and only a second separated them at the finish. They were Ooms, of Holland, and Maas, of France, the former's time being 5 hours 2 seconds. and he was the first out of the water. When the men were about half way they could not make any progress for a good while owing to the strength of the current, but they kept at their work until they got out of the bad spot. Three others started, but had to give up from exhaustion.

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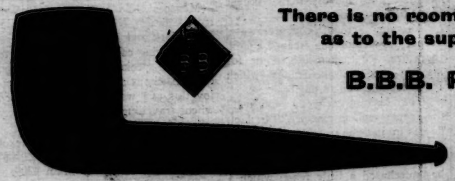

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